The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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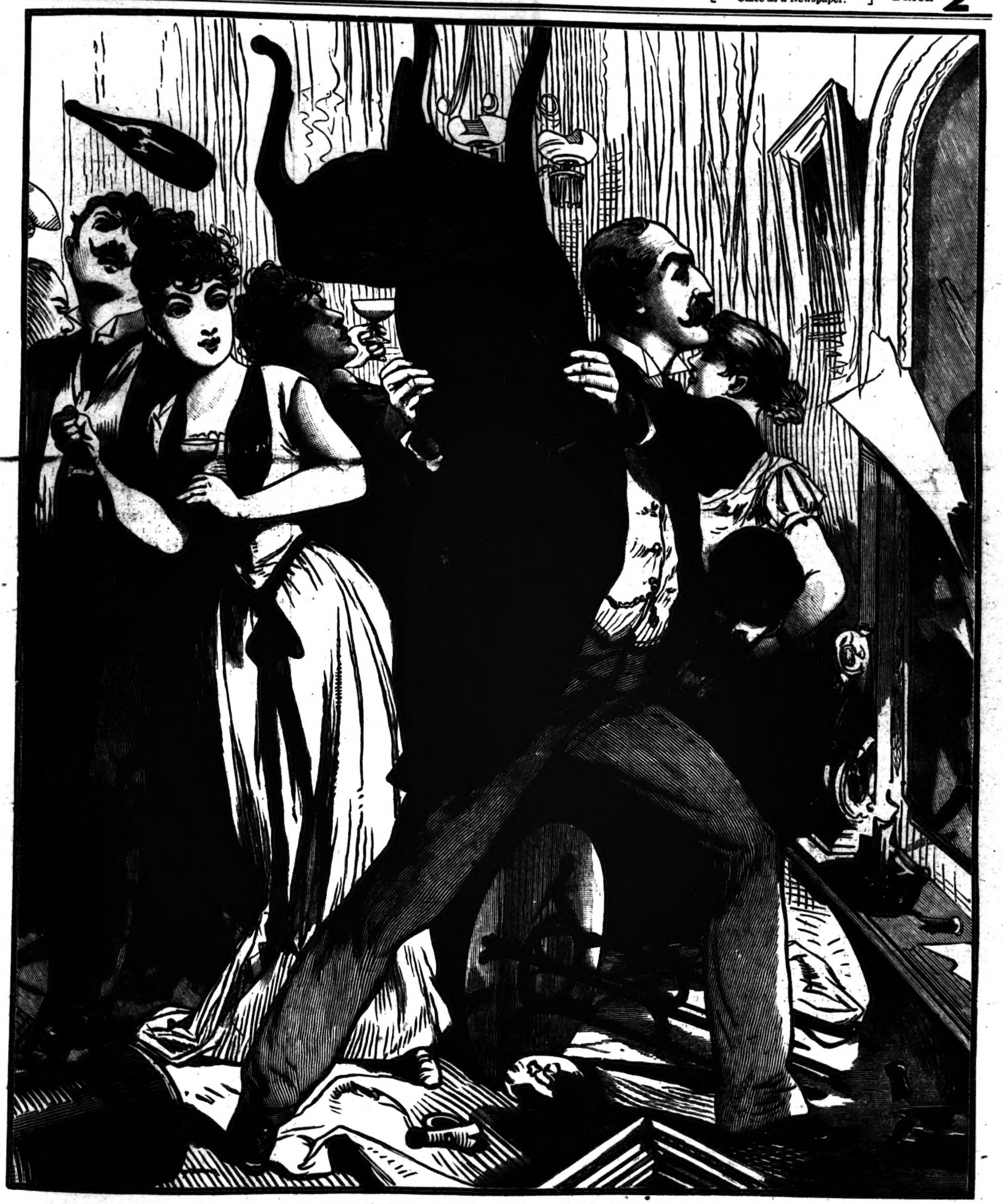

EXPRESSIONS OF SYMPATHY FOR THE BOERS LEAD TO A FRACAS.

The Furniture of the Club is Broken and Wrecked.

The Mirror of Life
ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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CORRESPONDENTS MUST WRITE ON ONE SIDE OF THE PAPER ONLY, OTHERWISE THEIR COMMUNICATIONS CANNOT BE INSERTED.

All communications must be accompanied by the sender's name and address to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed to the Editor, and no answers will be sent by post, "THE MIRROR OF LIFE," Ltd., 172, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. W. (Portsmouth).—Provide yourself with sweaters, don them in the early hours stated, and after you have walked a short distance and ran the half-mile from a mark, take a plunge in the sea, afterwards putting on dry clothes. In the afternoon practise the distance once or twice, and when perspiring, to avoid catching cold, use, if possible, the shower or cold bath. Eat sparingly of vegetables, and regulate your drink to a quart of fluid per diem (day). No white meats, such as pork or veal, but chops, steaks, or a cut from joint (mutton or beef), watercress, and eggs, &c.

O. OWENS.—B. Buttery, 48½min, at Gateshead.

A. S. B.—He was never champion of the world.

W. BLAKER (Portsmouth).—1. Dumb-bells open the chest and strengthen the muscles of the arm. The best time for using them is after rising in the morning. Begin with 1lb dumb-bells. The other muscles of the body are developed by walking, running, swimming, skipping, rope exercise, &c. 2. Dumb-bell exercise will not interfere with the proper working of the other muscles.

PETER MCDONALD (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—1. Dan Donnelly, the Irish pugilist, was knighted by the Prince Regent at the Pavilion, Brighton. 2. Dan was not "Sir" Daniel by inheritance.

J. MEAD.—No official time was taken.

H. MELLIN.—The photo and record received by post with thanks.

M. N.—It will appear in next week's issue.

W. RUGBY.—1. 5ft 6¼in. 2. 4oz gloves.

P. A. D.—1. No. They did not run in the same year. 2. Three-year-olds.

WEST END.—He was defeated in seven rounds.

T. COLLETT.—1 mile, in 6min 32 1-5sec, by H. Wyatt (amateur).

C. WINSTAN.—It combines the elements of nap and whist.

O. DERBY.—1. Perry lost the championship through a foul to Harry Broome at Milden Hall. 2. On September 29, 1851.

C. A. B. He was beaten by Nat Langham.

L. M.—If he plays out of his turn he pays the table.

J. NETTLESHIP.—1. They had a stipulated number on each side. 2. Surrey.

A. F. TAPP.—Admiral Rous died on June 19, 1877.

W. G. S.—George Fordham's first winning mount was on Hampton at Brighton, October, 1851.

R. V.—Lady Elizabeth ran in Blue Gown's Derby.

G. TANNER.—April 17, 1860.

PED.—Weston first walked in England February 8, 1876.

G. ARMFIELD.—The weight was the same in both cases, 8st 4lb.

G. C. H.—1. The referee gave his decision at the conclusion of the twentieth round. 2. £100 a-side.

T. COLET.—1. One mile and a half. 2. On the left-hand side.

CONSTANT READER.—George Dixon first started boxing in 1886.

T. J. COBB.—1. The full particulars will be found in "Ring Records." 2. See advertisement on page 15.

T. BUSBY (H.M.S. Hannibal, Portsmouth).—Professor B. Moore is travelling in the west of England, but what part we do not know. Perhaps the professor may see this and write.

(Several Answers crowded out.)

MORE ABOUT THE CORBETT AND JEFFRIES CONTEST.

"KID" McCOY AND DAN CREEDON.

REMARKS ON THE CLOSING BOXING SCENES AT THE N.S.C.

THESE are halcyon days for boxers. The receipts, we are informed, for the fight between Jem Jeffries and Jem Corbett amounted to thirty-two thousand dollars, and of this sum the fighters received nineteen thousand dollars. Showing the difference between the present and the past, there once upon a time stood on the northern side of Leicester Square, on the site of the present Empire Theatre, an old-fashioned mansion called Saville House, being the family mansion, in the days that are gone, of Lord Saville. Saville House about the forties took the place of the old Fives Court in St. Martin's Lane, and was the recognised show in which members of the fancy gave their assaults of arms. In later years Alec Keene was pay-master-general, and with an amount of liberality unknown in these present days each brace of boxers, no matter how prominent in the doings of the day, were rewarded for their exertions in three and often four round bouts by the sum of four and sixpence, which amounted to the magnificent total of two and threepence each boxer. (Pugilists are still alive who can bear out this assertion.) On one occasion two of the greatest gluttons in the prize ring, Jack Grant and Mike Madden, had fought a longest fight on record, something like six hours. They were indeed the pugilistic heroes of the hour, and when they showed up at Saville House, as soon as the soreness incidental to their late conflict would allow, these heroes for the orthodox three or four rounds fought in mimic warfare with the gloves their battle over again. Relentlessly as Fate, Alec Keene paid these heroes of the longest fight on record the regulation four and sixpence. Did these ancient bruisers spurn this modest award with indignation, being the show-cards of the evening? our readers may ask. No! With a modesty which ever accompanies bravery, Mike Madden, on behalf of self and pard, asked Alec Keene "That he would make the usual four and sixpence a dollar," but this modest request from the heroes of the hour was declined.

We are reminded of these ancient heroes of the hour by the attitude of the present heroes of the hour, James Jeffries and James Corbett. Jeffries, as the winner, received 14,250dols, while Corbett's share amounted to 4,750dols (insignificant monetary trifles in these days). All the punches that Jeffries had inflicted on Corbett in the latter portion of their contest were as nothing to the blow that Corbett felt when he found that Jem Jeffries had not divided the 19,000 dols. in two equal portions. "I made a good fight with you," said Corbett, "and I think I deserve half the receipts." "Yes," replied Jeffries, "you made too good a fight, you made me work harder than I thought for, and I think I have earned the bigger portion of the purse. Would you have given me half if you had won?" If Mike Madden in the days that are past felt a bit hurt that Alec Keene would not advance an extra sixpence on the orthodox price paid to bruisers of the period, how sore must Jem Corbett have felt when Jeffries would not cut up the pile. Was it originally intended that the contest should be for the "cutting up stakes," and did Jem Corbett think he could win on his merits? Anyhow, we understood, prior to this, that the winner took sixty per cent. and the loser forty per cent. of the gate-money receipts.

The mighty "If" is always in the case. "Coves who dearly love a mill" were in many cases absent from the Corbett-Jeffries contest, and, they now say, "Had we realised what the bout was like to be, had we realised that Corbett had pulled himself into better shape than he ever appeared in before in his life, neither money nor weather would have kept us from the fight." Had these people so realised, a new record would have been established in gate-money receipts, and there are persons to be found who tell us the love of boxing has declined. To-day Jem Corbett stands higher in the opinion of the lovers of boxing than when he overthrew the old lion and popular idol, J. L. Sullivan, at New Orleans. Corbett stands revealed in a new character. No longer is he "Gentleman Jack," no longer "Pompadour" Jem, "Actor" Jem, and the like, but as a thoroughly game man and an almost perfect boxer. Corbett went through the "fiery furnace" of real training—a training so drastic that our modern boxer will have none of it, and thinks he is going to die if he loses a few pounds in the slipshod way pursued by modern trainers in modern boxing. Corbett will never be higher in public estimation than he is at present. He could not have gained a greater share of popular opinion had his remarkable defeat resulted in upsetting all calculations and the odds, and turned into a remarkable victory.

The grandson of the celebrated preacher, Henry Ward Beecher, the brother of the writer of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," when he was born, must have harked back to the sporting blood of the family, for it is an interesting fact in connection with this fight to note that a sum of 2,500dols was deposited with Harry Ward Beecher, the sporting editor of the *New York Journal*, giving to that gentleman power to withhold the money if the fight according to his opinion was not a genuine one. (It would be well if something of this sort of business had been in evidence at a recent contest in which a champion English bantam took a hand.) If Mr. Beecher considered that everything was not fair and above board the money was to be donated to some charity; but it says everything for the squareness of the deal that Corbett received his cash back. It is such contests as those between Jeffries and Corbett which arouse so much popular enthusiasm that cause good sportsmen to regret that the men in control of boxing in New York State had not the sense they were born with, or they might have kept the game alive in good repute for an indefinite period, and built up enormous fortunes for themselves. But now all this is past.

The match between "Kid" McCoy and Dan Creedon shows how a clever boxer can make a show and be able to administer the *coup de grace* whenever he thinks he has given the public sport enough for their money. If every boxer having the whip hand behaved like "Kid" McCoy in his match with Creedon we should not have so many one-round fights, when often in the shape of animated pictures thousands depend upon boxers keeping on their feet, if only for a stipulated number of rounds. It is hard to believe that Dan Creedon, the conqueror of the "Coffee Cooler" when at his best, and the conqueror of England's *famous* champion Jem Smith, should have come so low as to be a mere plaything for "Kid" McCoy. But so it is! Pugilists little consider when they are wasting their health and strength in enjoyments of a questionable nature that they are dissipating their best stock-in-trade. McCoy played before a good company, for Jem Corbett was present and complimented the "Kid" on his skill as a knocker-out. Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed. The two beaux of the prize-ring may yet come together, and it would be pleasant to note how these modern boxing Chesterfields play the game of "The Knock-out, and how to avoid it."

It never rains but it pours is a proverb applicable to Monday evening, May 28. On this evening took place four contests, which, taken separately, would have been boxing matches of no ordinary interest. Firstly, we had the International match between Tommy Hogan and Ben Jordan; next our once-thought unbeatable bantam, "Pedlar" Palmer, met the pocket Hercules, Harry Ware—this show being strength versus science, and a pocket edition of the contest between those giants of the fist, Jem Corbett and Jem Jeffries. Then two feathers who are all but champions, Bill Wood and George Cunningham, made up the bill of fare at the National Sporting Club, while at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Alf Wright, of Plymouth, who is champion of the West of England at his weight, met Jack Milburn, of Gateshead, one of the best lads in the Newcastle district, who has already signalised himself by beating some of London's boxing best at the weight, about 9st. Truly, Monday, May 28, was a boxing night of the first order, and what a pity it is that we cannot repeat the show every Monday night. Once upon a time there was no season for boxing at the old Five's Court, near St. Martin's Lane. The pugilists of the period "set-to" week in and week out all the year round, and swells mingled with dustmen, for, like love, sport in the old days levelled all, and one man's money was as good as another's. It was at the Five's Court that Tom Belcher and Jack Randall put "'em up" at the instance of General Barton, Randall's patron, and one of the finest exhibitions of the Noble Art was given, each boxer being on his merits. It is not often that two boxers on scaling manage to bring the beam down with the same amount of avoirdupois, but this was the case on Saturday when the little men, Palmer and Ware, scaled at the N.S.C. Once free from the scale, Palmer proposed a drink, and the lads just emancipated from training drank—and drank heartily.

The boxing at the N.S.C. on the last night of the season has not been an unmixed blessing. The international contest was scarcely above suspicion, and this, taken with the foolish young gentleman who seconded Ryan, makes us believe that Mr. Verdant Green is very much abroad. Rumour said there was tons of money behind Hogan, and that a certain transatlantic jock, whose eccentricities have recently been most pronounced, was laying the odds to big money on Hogan. Be this as it may, the contest was a disappointing one. Under Queensberry rules holds are not permissible, and the kidney punch in which Jordan is such an expert could not be given unless the rules which govern boxing were grossly outraged. It was not that Ben Jordan was so clever, it was that Tommy Hogan did not box up to expectation, and his long sojourn at the Derby Arms has not improved the lad from America either physically or scientifically. Now the battle is over we may mention that Tommy Hogan is like an old washerwoman for his tea, and will take that mixture of the strongest brew at all his meals. Not to be unduly severe on either Hogan or Jordan, this was the most wretched exhibition of a championship battle that could well be seen. The hit, stop, and get away was absent, and in place of the above rules which should govern scientific boxing clinches and windmill hitting were in evidence. Ben Jordan outraged the first and foremost of the Queensberry rules when he seized his opponent by the waist and rushed him to the ropes, Hogan's back coming in contact with the upper rope. What would have been a mere trifle to some was a serious matter to Hogan, who fell on the ground and squirmed, groaned with pain, and did everything but get up and fight, until after the ten seconds had expired.

A battle from which lesser things were expected was that between Bill Wood, of Clapton, and George Cunningham, of Shoreditch. It was generally expected that Wood would bring off his usual coup with his right, but the battle Wood v. Cunningham goes to show that a good straight left will always pull a man through against another boxer who depends mainly on the dexter mauley. A punch on the mark brought the Claptonian down, and had Wood remained on his feet Cunningham's right, when the Claptonian was in difficulties, would have been equally fatal.

The contest between "Pedlar" Palmer and Ware was a contest between science and strength, and with the gloves science won. Had it been a contest on the grass, with knuckles ungarnished, perhaps another tale might be told. As it was, though a rushing, pushful fighter, Ware was never in the same class as Palmer. Parker, the backer of Ware, may be a very good judge of horses, but he has now found to his cost that he did not proprietor a brace of the best boxing flyers in the universe. It was a good job, however, that the battle was not to a finish or for twenty-five rounds, or Ware's stamina would no doubt have outlasted "Pedlar's" science and Ware would have won. The verdict, no doubt, went to Palmer for style.

C. ("POWDER") SIMMONDS, IN answer to C. Goode, will meet him at 8st 12lb, weigh in the Saturday before the fight, or 9st the day of the contest, and will have £25 side stake up to £100, as he wishes, and the best purse offered.

AMERICAN GOSSIP.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, May 19, 1900.

EDITOR, THE MIRROR OF LIFE, London.

TOMMY RYAN is regarded as having saved the championship for Jeffries. He alone of all those who came in contact with him insisted upon the dangerous character of the man he was to meet. It was train, train, from morning to night, and there was no let up, no easing off when condition was reached. Brady was so confident of the early victory of his man that he wagered a pot of money that he would win in the fifth round. Up to the twentieth round no one in Jeffries's corner thought he would win. Brady was nearly crazy. George Krausman was crying. All thought they were "broke." None of Jeffries's friends deny that they are glad the fight did not go the limit, as a decision on points must have been against their man. From a financial standpoint the fight was not such a big success as the Jeffries-Sharkey bout. Only $32,600 was taken in. The fighters received 60 per cent. of this amount, of which 75 per cent. went to the winner, and 25 per cent. to the loser. Jeffries's share was $14,250, while Corbett received $4,750. Corbett does not think that he was treated fair in the division of the receipts. He thinks he was entitled to 50 per cent. of the fighters' end. A funny incident leaked out yesterday anent the battle. Corbett is quite superstitious, and Brady, who knows the ex-champion's nature to a dot, thought it would be a good thing to play a trick on Corbett. "Pompadour" Jem, whenever he fights, does not like to enter the ring before his opponent, as he thinks this presages defeat. So Brady put Ed. Dunkhorst into the ring, and surrounded him with seconds. Corbett thought that it was Jeffries, but when he discovered it was not he bit his lip and growled. Jemmy Barry, the former bantam champion pugilist, is anxious to shine as a jockey. Last week he went to Tom Barrett, the Chicago horseman, and made application for a place as exercise boy. "You can't ride," was Barrett's response to the proposition. "Maybe you think I can't," returned the little boxer, "but I won't be your exercise boy long before you will want me to ride a race for you. I used to stick pretty well when I was a kid, and I guess I can do so yet." The deal was quickly arranged, and Barry will be allowed all the opportunity he desires to show what he can do in the saddle. Barry can make 105 pounds without difficulty. The latest scheme in fistic circles is to pull off several big glove encounters in Madison Square Garden between now and September 1. About a year ago an attempt was made to hold bouts there, but the Police Commissioners refused to license the building for fights. Now that no license is required, according to the recent decision, nothing, it seems, is in the way to put the venture under headway. If the club is launched Sam Fitzpatrick will probably be appointed matchmaker, and an attempt will be made to secure the bout between Gus Ruhlin and Bob Fitzsimmons. The directors of the Coney Island Sporting Club met yesterday afternoon and appointed Billy Madden official referee of the club. Madden is an expert judge of boxing, and the appointment is considered a very good one by the patrons of the prize-ring. Madden will officiate in many of the important as well as the minor contests to be decided at the Island this summer. Madden said last night that Jem Corbett will be one of Gus Ruhlin's seconds when the "Akron Giant" meets Fitzsimmons at Westchester. Madden is also willing to wager $2,500 to $5,000 that his protegé will vanquish "Lanky Bob." The handsome gold loving cup to be presented to Sir Thomas Lipton on May 24 as a token of the regard felt for him by the American people is now on the way to its destination, in charge of John N. Beach and Edwin P. Benjamin, who left on the White Star liner Oceanic at seven o'clock, Wednesday morning. Judge Morgan J. O'Brien and John D. Crimmins will meet them in London, and plans will be arranged for the formal presentation of the cup to Sir Thomas. The cup is fourteen inches high and made of 18-carat gold. Three mermaids serve as handles, and a figure typifying "Welcome" extends a friendly hand to a yacht in the distance. Beneath this is the inscription, "Amicus Amico." Upon the opposite surface is written: "To Sir Thomas Lipton from the American People," while on the third space are the figures of Columbia and Britannia clasping hands. Yesterday, at Louisville, Ky., Charles Head Smith, of Chicago, owner of Lieut. Gibson, last night deposited with the sporting editor of the "Courier-Journal" a certified cheque for $5,000 as a forfeit for $50,000 that Lieut. Gibson can beat any horse in the world, weight for age, at a mile and a half. The race to take place after Gibson's stake engagements at Saratoga at the track offering the largest purse. Mr. Smith says that he bars no horse in the world.

THE TATTLER.

TOMMY HOGAN,

Of America, who met Ben Jordan, of England, in a Fifteen Rounds Contest at the National Sporting Club on Monday Evening, May, 28, 1900.

(With Portrait.)

TOMMY HOGAN was born at Pittsburg, Penn., March 22, 1873. His height is 5ft 6½in. Hogan's record is as follows:—Beat Jemmy Kennard, "St. Paul Kid," 6rds; beat Tom Ward, 26rds; beat Mike Reagan, 11rds; beat Joe Shaw, 14rds; beat Paddy Devlin, 8rds; beat Jack Steiner, 9rds; beat Jack Mason, 11rds; beat Jack Brennan, 10rds; beat Joe Harper, 7rds; beat Johnny Moran, 16rds; beat Jack Bates, 17rds; beat John McHugh, 22rds; beat John Hanlon, 6rds; beat Jemmy Ridge, 4rds; draw with Charlie Ganner, 44rds (Sacramento); beat "Solly" Smith, 30rds; beat Sid Huntington, 18rds; beat Johnny Reagan, 4rds; beat Billy Savage, 4rds; beat Jem Brown, 11rds; beat J. F. Whealan, 4rds; beat Jem Dougherty, 3rds; beat Billy O'Donnell twice, 4rds each; beat Johnny Fagan, 7rds; beat Gus Eskaland, 1rd; beat John T. O'Brien, 3rds; beat Eddie Schoenbrun, 5rds; draw with Charley Webber, 8rds; beat Paddy Carney twice, 1rd and 3rds; beat Jemmy Porter twice, 5rds and 6rds; beat George Franklin, 1rd; beat Harry Finnick, "Arkansas Kid," 6rds; beat Frank Logan, 6rds; draw with Tommy White, 8rds; beat Harry Kennedy, heavy-weight, 2rds; beat Bob Carroll, 2rds; beat Dave Reece, 26rds; beat George Schultz, 3rds; beat Australian Murphy, 10rds; beat "Bud" Lally, 9rds; beat Charley Sinsher, 10rds; beat Charley Burns, 10rds; beat Billy Teller, 10rds; beat Gus Muller, 10rds; beat Jack Doherty, 6rds; beat Willie Keefe, 7rds, after the latter had defeated "Spike" Sullivan; beat Black Griffo, 10rds; beat Jemmy Clare, 7rds; draw with Marty McCue, 20rds; lost to Joe Hopkins on a foul, 5rds; bested Oscar Gardner, 20rds; beat Eugene Bezenah, 18rds; beat Eugene Bezenah, 20rds; beat Johnny Van Hoest, 13rds; beat Jack Dougherty, 5rds; beat Jack O'Keefe, 3rds; draw, Martin Flaherty, 20rds; draw, Oscar Gardner, 10rds; beat London Campbell, 9rds; beat Jack McClelland, 20rds; beat Jack Foley, 2rds; beat Jack Delany, 15rds; beat Bill Chester, 8rds; met Ben Jordan, ex-feather-weight champion of the world, at the N.S.C., May 28, and lost in the fourth round.

PAT TRAYNOR,

Whose Clever Hibernian Proclivities as a Comedian and Vocalist Place Him in the Front Rank of Public Celebrities.

(With Portrait.)

PAT TRAYNOR is a born humorist, and will keep his audience convulsed with laughter at his odd and eccentric Irish characters, and the brogue is delicious. In "McAnulty's Garden Party," "Phil the Fluter's Ball," "Tim McCarthy's Daughter," and other songs and patter, he is mirth-provoking to a degree.

VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

AMONG the prominent people who have visited us this week are:—

John R. Murphy (Department of Public Safety, Allegheny, Pa.).
Dan Desmond (Lawrence, Mass.).
Dr. Fleming (Imperial Hotel, New York).
Joe Smith.
Bill Wood.
Miss Julie Jacobs (La Mascotte).
Jack Hare.
George Raby.
Corporal Dacombe (R.M.A.).
"Atlas" (the champion strong man).
George Allen.
John M. Walk (New York City).
B. F. Goldsmith, Esq. (Chicago, U.S.A.).
Bessie Darling (serio-comic, New York City).
Charles Somers (San Francisco, U.S.A.).
Fred Williams.
William Hall.
George Penney (middle-weight boxer).
Gilbert Mee (of the Chater Arms, Nottinghamshire).

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"PEDLAR" PALMER,

Who Met Harry Ware in a Fifteen Rounds Contest at the National Sporting Club on Monday Evening, May 28, 1900.

(With Portrait.)

"PEDLAR" PALMER was born in Canning Town, Essex, England, November 19, 1875, and consequently will be twenty-four years of age next November. His record is as follows: Beat Walter Croot, 17rds; beat Mike Small, 6rds; beat Albert Gould, 6rds; beat Ted Woods, 6rds; beat Bill Mortimer, 5rds; beat Ernie Stanton, 2rds; draw with Dave Wallace (exhibition); beat Billy Plimmer, 14rds; draw with George Dixon, Madison Square Gardens, N.Y., 6rds; knocked out Ted Willis, 2rds; beat Johnny Murphy, 20rds; knocked out Ernie Stanton, 15rds; beat Dave Sullivan, 20rds; knocked out Billy Plimmer, N.S.C., 17rds; beat Billy Rotchford, 3rds (foul); knocked out by Terry McGovern for the Bantam-weight Championship of the world at Tuckahoe, N.Y., 1rd; met Harry Ware at the N.S.C., May 28, and gained the decision on points in a fifteen rounds contest.

HARRY WARE.

Who Met "Pedlar" Palmer in a Fifteen Rounds Contest at the National Sporting Club on Monday Evening, May 28, 1900.

(With Portrait.)

HARRY WARE, who some time since challenged England at 7st 8lb, was responded to by Johnny Thomas, of Leather Lane, and subsequently Ware won. Harry Ware has been defeated by Jack Mitchell, Harry Paul, Jem Williams, Harry Ashley, Alf Green, and Arthur Lamb; but in contradistinction to this Harry Ware has defeated the following:—Amos Phippen, Jack Christain, Box Laxton, jun. (twice), "Jumbo" Nicholls, Joe Truttle, Mike Casey (fought draw with Harry Paul), Tom Jordan, Bill Hullett, "Nimble" White (three times), Ted Gorrie, Ted Goodson, Harry Ashley (twice), Dave Job (three times); won 7st competition at N.S.C.; beat Bill Hullett; beat Barney Lawson in first bout of 7st 4lb competition at N.S.C., which was won by Walter Croot; beat J. Thomas; won 7st competition at the N.S.C.; beat Johnny Thomas, 10rds; beat Harry Paul; beat Arthur Lamb, 8rds; beat Jem Williams, 20rds; beat Billy Plimmer 20rds; met "Pedlar" Palmer at the N.S.C., May 28, and was defeated in 15rds.

YOUNG GEORGE CUNNINGHAM.

Who Met Bill Wood at the National Sporting Club, Monday Evening, May 28.

(With Portrait.)

"OLD GEORGE CUNNINGHAM'S son" is a term quite sufficient to hall-mark the above as a youth of promise, remembering the father as we do as the most brilliant feather-weight of his day. The following is young George's record:—Beat Bill Eastwick, 6rds; beaten by Bill Eastwick, 6rds; beat Alf Britton, 9rds; beat "Ponk" Greenwood, 7rds; beat Sam Swainsbury, 1rd; beat Tom Beal, 5rds; beat Jack Hicks, 4rds; beat Mike Tobin, 2rds; won open 8st 6lb competition at the Haggerston Imperial Athletic Club, beating Tom Turner, 1rd, sparred the bye with Joe Anderson, and beat Dick Pepper, of Canning Town, in final; beaten by Bill Wood, 7rds; beat Jack Higgins, 4rds; beaten by Wood, of Dalston, 4rds; beat Ted Mortimer, 2rds; beat Harry Spurden, 10rds; knocked out Harry Spurden, 3rds; beaten by Bill Chester, 5rds; met Bill Wood at the N.S.C. May 28, and defeated him in 8rds.

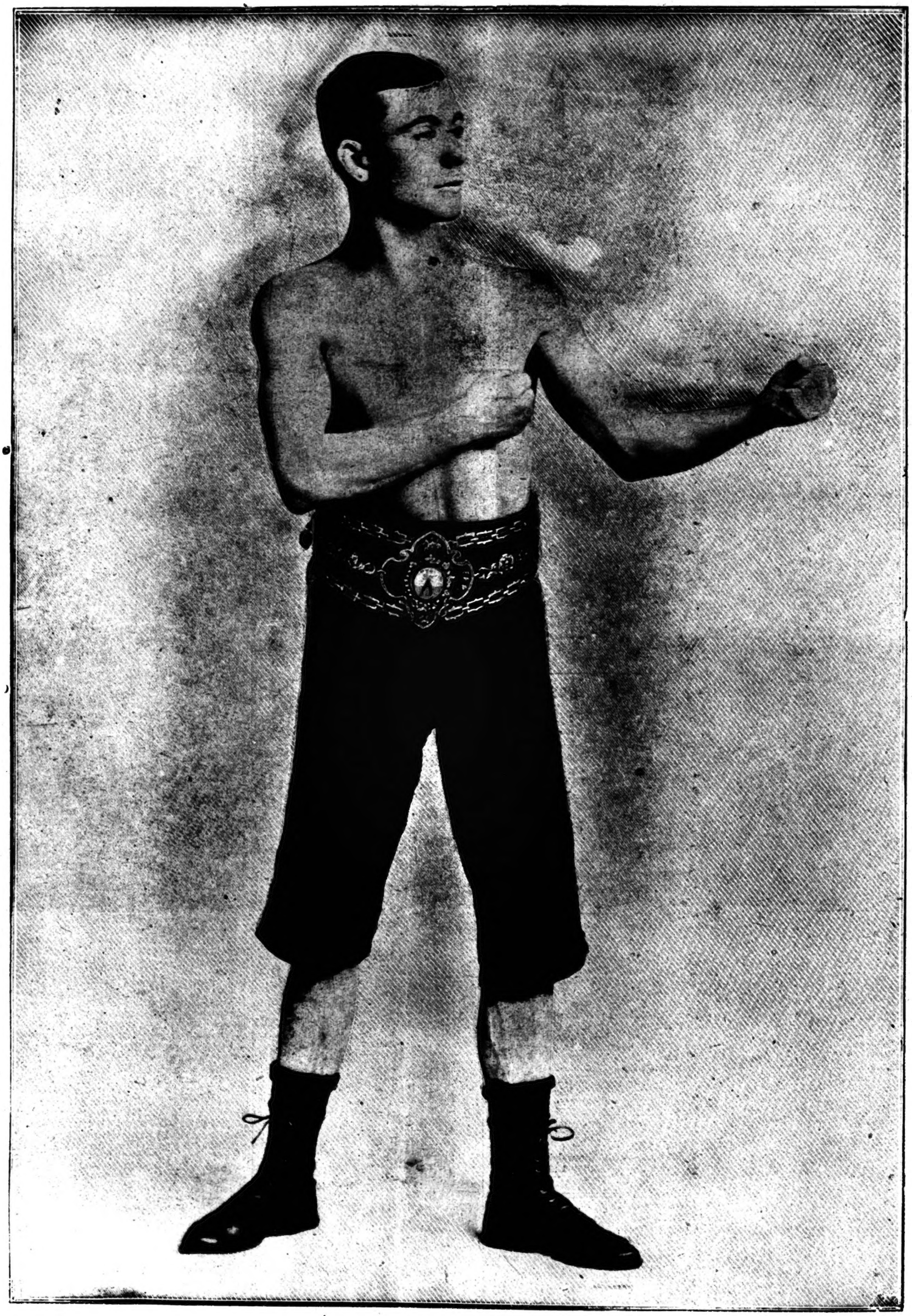
OUR LETTER BOX.

LETTERS are lying at our office for:—

J. Corbett.
Ted Wakeham.
"Greek" George.
H. Chance Newton.
Driver Pincher.
Billy Plimmer.
Mr. R. H. Page.
Charles Mitchell (English champion boxer).
P. J. King.
P. Gorman.
Jem Holloway.
George Slark.
Mr. Ernie Greaves.
Dick Burge.
Mrs. Jasper White.
Sam Fitzpatrick.
J. E. Donegan.
Mr. Frank Kempton (late of South Africa).
Jim Hall.
Mike Flynn.
Claude Thompson.
J. F. White (three).
C. McCoy.
Billy Ross.
George Fox Giles (America or Australia).
F. Leon.
B. Dobbs.
"Dido" Plumb.
Robert Fitzsimmons (champion of the world).
Professor H. Houldsworth.

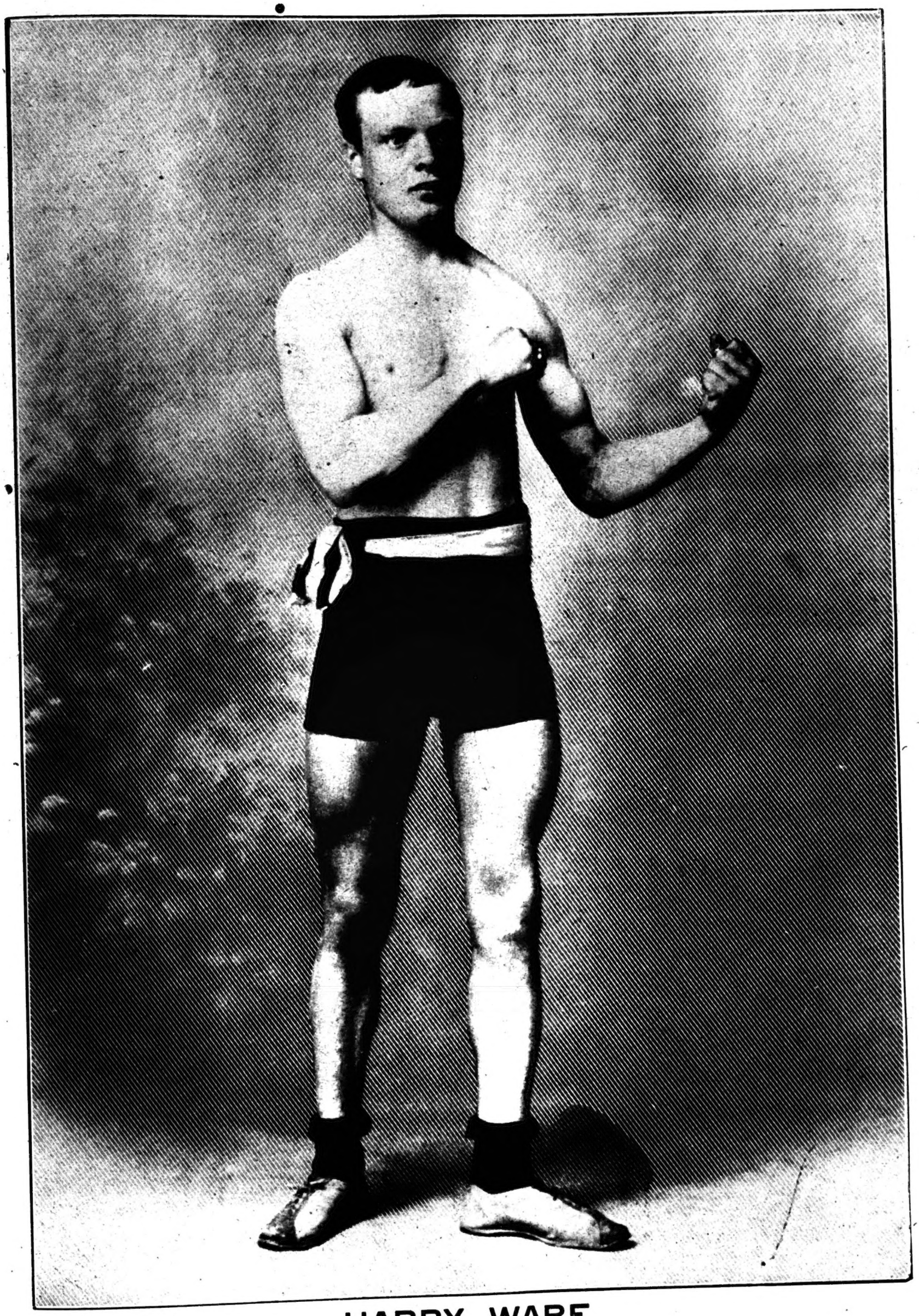
LOST AND FOUND.

"I CALLED in answer to an advertisement for a boy," said a bright-faced little chap to Mr. Goldstein, the mill owner, who was a bulky, red-faced man. He was about to leave his private carriage to enter the office when thus accosted. With him was a golden-haired little girl, who listened to the boy with eager interest. "Well, how old are you and where have you been working?" said the mill owner, looking at the lad sharply. "I came from the country, sir, where my mother and I worked in a small mill since fatner died. Now she is gone and so I came here to the big city hoping to find a better job." "Well, you are too young, and a boy that don't know the city is of no use to me. My advice is to go back to your former home," said Goldstein in a tone of dismissal of the subject, then he turned to his driver and said: "Take Miss Alice where she wants to go." The boy—Philip Martin by name—felt a lump rise in his throat, and with a discouraged feeling walked listlessly down the thoroughfare. He had no home or friends and no shelter. Furthermore, he had spent nearly all his money in getting to the city. While meditating on what should be his next move he felt a gentle touch upon his arm and heard a sweet, low, childish voice say: "Never mind, here's a card with the name of my uncle on it, and he will give you work." Turning he saw again the face of the mill owner's daughter, Alice Goldstein. "It is all right," said she, "and never mind thanking me. I'd like the same thing happen to Will—that's my brother—if he was alone in a big city." Philip opened the paper containing the card and inside was a bright new half-a-crown. So unexpected was it all that as soon as the little Samaritan departed he burst into tears, whereupon some little fellows in passing called him "cry baby." Feeling very tired he sat down on one of the park seats intending to seek Alice's uncle when he had recovered his mental balance. He fell fast asleep and when he awoke the parcel which he brought from home containing a valuable recipe, a bible and his mother's photo had disappeared. Gradually, however, he thought of the little girl, of the card which bore the name of a possible employer and of his empty stomach. The thought of her and half-a-crown brought hope and comfort, so he proceeded to a restaurant and had his first square meal since arriving in the city. On leaving the place he again saw the Goldstein carriage and the fair Samaritan, who beckoned him to her side, and, much to his astonishment, held up the missing parcel, which had been stolen from him while asleep. Twenty years have passed since Philip Martin and Alice Goldstein met. During that time Phillip secured a good position and took up a study of medicine. He was now a prosperous physician, and one night was called into consultation, the case being that of a young man dying in squalor. As he entered the room his eyes met those of a beautiful young woman, who rose and extended both hands appealingly to him. "Do you not remember me?" said she; "do you not recall your first attempt to secure work in London." "Ah, indeed I do. Can this be the little Samaritan who saved me from despair? I tried in vain to keep track of you, but they told me you were travelling and I fancied you had settled down in married life. Maybe it is so!" "No," said she, "and I've done better by you, for I've followed your career these many years, and congratulate you on your great success with the Little Diamond Liver Pills." The doctor then listened to the painful story of the patient, who was the brother of Alice—the "black sheep of the family," who from boyhood had been alienated from his father and sister, was reinstated for awhile in his father's good graces, but later, through speculation, brought financial ruin and a suicide's end for the father. Dainty Alice, who had been supporting herself by teaching music, discovered his whereabouts, but too late, for he was at death's door. Dr. Martin on taking his leave said: "By the way, tell me how you found the parcel that day." "Well, I kept you in sight and so witnessed the act of the thief, and Jim, the coachman, made him give it up." As they stood talking Alice's eye fell on an old coin and a ring worn on the doctor's chain. The doctor read her thoughts and said: "Yes, that's the same coin, and it has been indeed a charm! There is my mother's photo, and, as you know, the recipe for the Little Diamond Liver Pills have saved many lives and reaped a fortune." They parted, but not before Alice's consent was given to his future calls, which resulted six months later in Dr. Martin's marriage to fair Alice. Prepared by the Little Diamond Liver Pill Co., 68, Stanmore Road, West Green, London, N. Price 2s. 1½d., per box of forty.—[Advt.]



"PEDLAR" PALMER,

Who Met Harry Ware in a 15 Rounds Contest, at the National Sporting Club, on Monday Evening, May 28, 1900.



HARRY WARE,

Who Met "Pedlar" Palmer in a 15 Rounds Contest, at the National Sporting Club, on Monday Evening, May 28, 1900.

MUSICAL SOCIETY DINNER AND Presentation of Prizes.—The first annual dinner and entertainment in connection with the Sessions House Hotel Musical Society took place last Wednesday evening at headquarters. The menu was an excellent one, and reflected great credit on the proprietor and the staff. Full justice was done to the eatables, &c., by a numerous company, consisting of sporting characters, the chief part being bookmakers. After the wine list had been sampled the assembly sat down to enjoy the splendid entertainment put forward. The well-known South London penciller, Harry Dawson, occupied the chair, and one of the best, Mr. Otto Albert (the celebrated commission agent of the central district), performed the onerous duties attached to the vice. After Mr. Dawson had been reluctantly compelled by a previous engagement to depart the chair was occupied by Mr. Albert in orthodox style. The concert was a splendid one, and among those deserving especial merit the following must be named. First and foremost was the best turn of the evening, Albert Clements, who had to sing no less than five songs before the audience would be content. This artiste is bound to succeed in his profession, and work his way up the ladder of fame. In a beautiful manner Malcolm Carswell sang two of Scotland's splendid melodies, "Mary of Argyle" and "Bonnie Mary." Ted Bentley, Stratton Lowry, Mr. Langton, Sydney Smith, Mr. Walker, Robert Child, &c. After the usual loyal toasts had been drunk, the chairman, in a very witty speech, made presentations to Mr. Langten (the secretary), Mr. Hollot (the proprietor), and one to the pianist, Mr. F. Cappe.

BAGATELLE. — "WEAVERS" v. "Alma."—Recently we told the tale of the first match between Tom Robinson and his partner, Alf Palmer, v. H. Witherick and J. Sherman, resulting in a win for the first named by 19 points. The second match came off at Mr. Witherick's, at the Alma, Brick Lane, Bethnal Green, on a Thursday in last week. Here, however, the Hoxtonians found themselves all at sea, there being such a difference in the size of the tables. However, Tom and Alf were on their mettle, but it was strange ground. The first half was interesting, and then Messrs Witherick and Sherman went away at their will, and ran out with a wet sail easy winners by 101 points out of 201 up. Young Sam Todd was scoretaker, and Mr. John Barr referee. This being game and game, the final event came off at the Weavers' Arms, Drysdale Street, Hoxton, on Friday. At an early hour the place was filled to repletion by all sorts and conditions of sportsmen, so great was the interest evinced in the result. Among the people present we noticed: Harry Dibley, of Bow, George Leigh (the Adam and Eve), Bob Weedon, Alf Cousins, Brothers Witherick, Bob Wiliams, H. Meddicott, Arthur Sapwell, Sam Tod, and the irrepressible turfite Jim Perry. Now for the game. The Almas won the break, and ran up to 56 to 0, Alf and Tom being entirely at fault. At last they reached 20; the Almas reached 92 to 41. This looked glum for the Weavers on their own table. Tom struggled on. Alf had the worst of luck, and the breaks went to the other side. Alf always seems a slow beginner, and apt to hold an opponent cheap, so when the score was called 139—84 he got the balls in position, and made a 40 shot. This was the final effort. The Weavers' luck was out, and Sherman was in form; he'd got the strength of the cush, and his play was admirable, and the Almaites eventually won by 55. There was a scene of enthusiasm. Everything was done on sportsmanlike lines. J. Harris was referee, and J. Turpin score-taker. Then in the midst of the all-round liquors there came a shout: "Mafeking relieved!" Bottles of Scotch were enough before with cigars. "Mafeking!"—(cheers)—"B.-P."—(more cheers)—then came champagne (plenty of it), and we left to the vocal strains of "God Save the Queen."

A GRAND GARDEN PARTY AND ball will take place at the Royal Forest Hotel on Tuesday next, under the management of Phil Cohen. The stewards will be a number of sporting gentlemen.

DANCING.—DELMONTE'S SPECIAL.—THE MIRROR OF LIFE generally succeeds in its desires, and when on Saturday week six prizes were given for a floral march, one was won by our representative. The old-fashioned style of dancing has given way to the modern, and instead of quick, jerky waltzes, we have the valse and the slow mazurka. The minuet and gavotte have already gone, and in their place we have the lancers, alberts, waltz cotillon, circassian circle, &c. Style, grace, and a perfect step are taught at this celebrated academy in Great Alie Street, and the pupils in time become splendid exponents of the terpsichorean art, the beloved of the aristocratic and genteel portion of all communities. The tit-bit of the evening was a grand floral march during the dance, six prizes being gained by the successful ones. After a polonaize, in which the M.C., Ralph Cohen, in grand style unwound the maze, and got the dancers in many beautiful positions, and gradually out of them and into others, the following gained the trophies: THE MIRROR OF LIFE, Mr. Cohen, Mr. Woolf, as well as the ladies, Misses Nathan, Cash, and Mass. The best exponent of the art present was Miss Adelina ——, but our representative could not gain the lady's surname. The march was splendidly led by Mr. Brandon and Miss Delmonte (neither competing), while the professor's famous band supplied the music. Among those present we noticed Joe Levy (grandson of Harry Savage), Nat Woolf, Sydney Webster, B. Davis, M. Allman (alias Dick Dunn), E. Rosenthall, H. Cohen, A. Carneoo, E. Wolfe, and Misses Samuels, Cohen, Smart, Gale, Soskin, Nathan, Mrs. Abner, and her charming little daughter. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves to the end.

BULLDOGS AT THE AQUARIUM.—There was a fine all-round display at the show of the Bulldog Club (Incorporated), opened a short time since at the Aquarium, Westminster. In the open dog class, heavyweights, Mr. L. Crabtree (Manchester) benched Duke of Albemarle, a very finely-developed son of President Carnot, and he had no difficulty in beating Mr. A. F. Williams's Hiarta and Mr. W. H. G. Richardson's Thornbury Orry, neither so good in body as the winner, nor so typical in fore face. Corresponding honours in bitches also went north, Forlorn being Mr. Crabtree's exhibit in this class, the south-country puppy Palmyra, owned by Mr. W. J. Pegg, being a capital second, losing only in maturity. A class for dogs 45lb and under 55lb in weight was a capital one, Mr. F. W. Taylor (South Shields) being the winner with Portland. The northern breeder also secured leading honours in the bitch class (35lb and under 45lb in weight) with Battledora.

BAGATELLE.—SAM TODD v. GEO. Barker for £5.—These two players met at the Weavers' Arms, Hoxton, on Tuesday last to decide a game of 500 up for the above-named sum, Barker being a decided favourite. Todd went off with a rare lead, the first call being 64 to 6, and 80 to 11. After this George pulled up a bit, but Sam kept the lead. At the interval the scores were: Todd 263, Barker 182. From here Barker played in game style, but could not catch his opponent, the final scores being: Todd 505, Barker 321. To be fair, Sam knew the table, while it was a comparative stranger to Barker. Alf Palmer was referee, and a more fair match was never contested.

DO ATHLETES DIE YOUNG?—THIS question has been so often asked that we refer the inquirers to the recent and sudden demise of Mr. F. O. Crump, Q.C., which is another addition to the long list of deaths due to over exertion in youthful athletics. Mr. Crump once occupied no mean place in the athletic scale, and, like many similarly situated men, his early proclivities never left him. When he could spare the time he was fond of rather violent physical exertion, and of late took it on his cycle. Unknowing that he was suffering from that nemesis of early or prolonged athleticism, an enlarged heart, he, a week prior to his death, went in for some comparatively fast and prolonged cycling, with the result that he overtaxed his vitality, and he died suddenly from cardiac syncope. It is a most remarkable fact that men who for years in their youth exhibited athletic prowess which proved their possession of phenomenal heart and lung power should finally end their days in this manner. It is almost as remarkable that enteric fever should in its process of selecting victims carefully single out the athlete, but it is at the same time more easily accounted for. The athlete's exertions developed his heart as well as his other muscles, and when his sporting career finished it found him in possession of a heart too powerful for his needs. Nature under such conditions never makes any distinction, for decay and degeneration inevitably occur unless the athlete maintains, to some extent, his regimen of bodily toil. We cannot all do that, however, and so we have such sad examples as Mr. Crump's death to warn us of the danger of extremes in physical as well as in every other description of tension.

L.A.C. SECOND SPRING MEETING.—The principal events of this meeting on Saturday resulted as follows:—220 Yards Challenge Cup.—C. H. Jupp (holder), 1; F. R. D. Munro, 2; W. Pride Jones, 3. Time 23 1-5sec. 1,000 Yards Challenge Cup.—E. S. Ward, 1; W. W. Marshall, 2; E. J. Wilkins, 3. Time, 2min 21 3-5sec. Three Miles Walking Challenge Cup.—R. H. Watson walked over. 120 Yards Handicap.—S. P. Wadson, 5½yd, 1; A. F. S. Collier, 67yd, 2; G. W. Jones, 7yd, 3. Time, 12 1-5sec. 880 Yards Handicap.—G. A. Vickery, 38yd, 1; R. C. W. Beauchamp, 22yd, 2; C. R. Reay, 50yd, 3. Time, 2min 1-5sec. 300 Yards Handicap.—S. P. Wadson, 11yd, 1; G. W. Jones, 8yd, 2; J. P. Lawson, 15yd, 3. Time, 32 3-5sec. Long Jump.—N. S. A. Harrison, 20ft 7in, 1; E. Faunce de Laune, 19ft 11in, 2. Mile and a Half Handicap.—W. W. Marshall, 35yd, 1; H. G. Lloyd, scratch, 2; R. E. Brayne, 120yd, 3. Time, 7min 12 3-5sec. 600 Yards Handicap Challenge Cup.—H. F. S. Collier, 29yd, 1; F. C. Woodward, 15yd, 2; W. Pride Jones, 16yds, 3. Time, 1min 12 2-5sec.

TOTTENHAM CRICKET CLUB.—Some well-known runners were competing at this meeting on Saturday at West Green. Details:—100 Yards Handicap.—C. Ingmere, Polytechnic H., 8½yds, 1; O. Colkett, Goldsmiths' Institute, 8½, 2; G. Bennett, Highgate H., 8½, 3. Time, 10sec. R. W. Wadsley was beaten by Colkett in his heat. 380 Yards Handicap.—G. H. Hogsflesh, S.L.H., 54yd, 1; A. A. Elson, Fulham Cross, 42, 2; T. Barlow, University Club H., 52, 3. Time, 2min 1 2-5sec. 300 Yards Handicap.—O. S. Hickson, Northampton A.A.C., 13yd, 1; A. Davies, St. Bride's A.C., 26yd, 2; H. J. Cooke, Hendon F.C., 27yd, 3. Time, 33 3-5sec. One Mile Handicap.—J. Proctor, S.L.H., 140yd start, 1; H. Hobbs, Thames Ironworks, 130yd, 2; W. Smith, Tee-To-Tum, 165yd start, 3. Time, 4min 28 1-5sec. C. Bennett, scratch, finished fifth.

WORLD'S JUMPING RECORD.—R. H. Baker, of America, is stated to have jumped 41½yd in ten forward spring jumps at Bury, thus beating the record held by T. Colquitt, of St. Helen's, by a couple of yards. Colquitt, who was to have competed against the American for the championship, refused to turn out.

POLYTECHNIC WALKING RACE.—A grand performance was accomplished by J. Butler (the fourteen to twenty-one miles world's amateur record holder) in the Polytechnic Harriers' twenty-one miles open road walking race, from Wembley Park to Rickmansworth, on Saturday. He was at scratch with the English amateur champion, W. J. Sturgess (who retired at twelve miles), and completed the distance in the fast time of 2hr 59min 14sec. For that performance he received a special gold medal. The winner of the handicap was B. Bray – a fine walker from Peterborough—with 27min start. Seventeen competitors walked the distance within four hours.

JOE KENDAL, THE YOUNG BIR. mingham bookie, popular and persevering, was in evidence at Salisbury races last week. We had occasion to be there – it's a devil of a place when the rain comes down and the wind blows. However, we tumbled up against Joe, and his humour and patriotism highly amused us. Hoisted on top of his betting-list he exhibited a huge boar's head—no doubt Wiltshire bred—with this inscription, "We have captured the head of the Boers, Kruger." Joe is somewhat premature, but there is a prophetic vein in his wit. The yokels stared and laughed, and all enjoyed the joke, while Joe, in the meantime, was gathering in the "ready." Go on, Joe, and may you prosper. See you at Epsom to-day, and gargle as before!

FAT MEN OF HARROW.—WHEN "Jolly Jumbo" reigned supreme at the Ballot Box, Harrow, it was generally supposed that "Jolly" was the only man of excessive weight in the Harrovian district. In fact "Jolly" was such a curiosity to the young Harrovians that they used to wait outside the doors of the cottage Ornée, opposite the Ballot Box, where "Jumbo" resided, to see the jovial thirty-three stoner take his rides in a vehicle, as he told us, purp osely constructed to hold his capacious form. Living in the district, however, were a family of fat men, of whom Mr. Henry Atkins, of the Cold Harbour Farm, Bushey, who has just died, was one of a family noted for their immense size and weight. Mr. Atkins, who was a middle-aged man, weighed over 30st, and measured 63in round the chest, 65in round the waist, and 33in round the thigh. A brother is almost equal in weight though 2in less round the waist. A third brother, who died at Harrow some years ago, beat both his brothers in the matter of weight, turning the scale at 44st. There were strong men before Agamemnon. Thus at Harow we find there were fat men before "Jolly Jumbo" made his descent on that favoured spot. It would have taken a middle-weight and "Jumbo" to have pulled down the beam against the Atkins (44st) who formerly lived near "Jumbo's" late hostelry—the Ballot Box "Jumbo," we may remark *en passant*, is the proprietor of the Red Lion at Sudbury, near Harrow, at which place he has inaugurated boxing stables, having several of the fraternity getting fit for coming events.

THE LIGHT FANTASTIC AT KING'S Hall.—That dancing has a firm hold upon the affection of the middle classes was well exemplified last Sunday evening at King's Hall. No art is capable of showing the beauty of its exponent, together with the supple movement of the body, better than the beloved one of the ancients. As far back as history can trace, the terpsichorean art has been the means of causing the happiness of almost every clime. No matter the weather, winter or summer is alike to the patrons of the sport, and it is immaterial where it may be. In a crowded ballroom, where the heat is enough to satisfy a salamander, or in the open resorts that abound round the country where one can dance into a joyous state of content, it is the same to those who prefer this amusement to all others. Thousands of those who have assisted to make the principal sports of the Old Country as well as those of Greater Britain do their utmost in their leisure time to enjoy themselves, and elevate the art that their sweethearts, mothers, and sisters take an interest in. We have noticed among the exponents champions at boxing, running, cricket, golf, swimming, football, tennis, skating, billiards, as well as many kindred sports. Genuine dancing contests always bring a large audience to witness them, and on this occasion as many as could be comfortably admitted entered the building. Close on 400 must have been present when the contest began. The opponents had anything but a fine time of it, as the assembly was with difficulty kept in their places, and at times in the turns the rivals actually touched the audience. A. Harris with Miss Abrahams as partner performed excellently, and gained the award for time and style, while his opponents, A. Bernstein and Miss S. Harris, were complimented for style and toe-dancing. The judges, Messrs. J. and S. Cohen, I. Isaacs, A. Slosky, and H. Abrahams, declared unanimously in favour of Harris, whose fair partner materially aided him to gain the award. Besides the trophy there was a side bet of £10 a-side on the result. Among the number present Mrs. Adelaide Solomons easily took the foremost position, while Miss Cohen was a very good second. Among those present we noticed H. Smith, Nat Keyser, D. Rosenberg, B. Benjamin, M. Isaacs, Alf Manning, S. Lawrence, Joe Fleishman, P. Arnolt, B. Silverman, S. Cohen, A. Cohen, N. Simons, M. Miller, Tom Wright, M. Rossman, G. Harris, Charles Rubenstien, as well as Misses M. Arnold, Slosky, Cohen, Weever, Hoine, Lawson, Manning, Goldberg, Woolf, Lemon Smith, Nathan, Hiller, Starr, &c.

BILLIARDS.—E. BURRY V. GEO. Jackson for £10.—Despite the warm weather, the saloon attached to Mr. A. Laws's Glasshouse Stores, Brewer Street, Regent Street, was crowded to excess last Monday evening, when the above entered upon the first half of a match of 1,000 up, under Billiard Association Rules, for £5 a-side. Burry, who concedes his opponent 200 points start, has charge of the saloon at the above establishment, whilst Jackson occupies a similar position at the Mitre, Lambeth Palace Road, where the concluding portion of the game will be played. Burry went off at a rare pace, and before his opponent had made a double-figure run he put together such useful items as 24 and 42. From the last contribution Jackson sent up 18 and 10 in succession, but was troubled with the slows for a long time after, whereas Burry, who was assisted by fortune, consistently made compilations of 26, 19, 22, and 32. Soon after the interval was taken, with the scores 257—251 in Jackson's favour. For a long time after the resumption Jackson gave a feeble display, and failed to make double figures. Burry kept pegging away, and put on three 13's, 14, 17, 22, and 21, almost in consecutive visits. Jackson then emerged from his shell, and gave a glimpse of his true form in breaks of 24, 11, 16, and 12, but he was too far behind to make any impression on the leader, who, with 16, 19, and 7 (unfinished), went to his points with a substantial lead of 98 points, the marking-board denoting: E. Burry (in play), 500; G. Jackson (receives 200). 402.

PEDESTRIANISM. — FIVE MILES Championship Match.—C. Bennett beats Sid Robinson by sixty yards in a five miles match.—A five miles running match, promoted by the Northampton County A.A.C. and Finchley Harriers, was decided on the County Ground at Northampton on Monday between C. Bennett, the four miles amateur and national cross-country champion, and Sid Robinson, the ten miles amateur and international cross-country champion. A good deal of interest centred in the match, and about 3,000 spectators were present when the men were dispatched on their journey. Robinson, on the inside, cut out the work, with Bennett at his shoulder, and thus they ran until entering the last lap, when Bennett shot to the front and won by sixty yards in 25min 48½sec.

GEORGE RABY IS WILLING TO meet the best lad at his weight (7st 4lb) in England for the best purse offered. First come, first served.

MISS MINNIE PALMER IS APPEARing with tremendous success at the Paragon.

MISS ROSE HARVEY'S RENDERing of her song "John Bull" is one of the hits of the evening at Gatti's (Road).

PRINCESS PAULINE TOPS A gigantic bill at the Parthenon Theatre of Varieties, Greenwich. Some up-to-date pictures are also being shown.

FRED WILLIAMS, IN HIS EVERgreen sketch "Bluebeard," J. Fawn, G. Lashwood, and Miss Minnie Duncan are some tit-bits in a liberal programme at the Grand, Clapham Junction.

THE PRESENT COMPANY AT Collins's, comprising Miss Marie Lloyd, Geo. Robey, Miss Alice Maydue, Miss Vesta Victoria, Fred Russell, Will Evans, the Two Bees, Charles Deane, Harry Tate, Miss Lottie Collard, &c., will be considerably strengthened at Whitsun.

LAST SIX NIGHTS OF CHARLES Majilton and Co. at the Middlesex in an original sketch entitled "An Irishman's Dilemma." Miss Rosa Glenn is winning applause for her clever playing on the post horn. Walton and Lester, a couple of clever drolls, Tom Wootwell, the loose-legged one, and the M'Naughtons are also highly entertaining.

AT THE QUEEN'S, POPLAR, MRS. Bennett is capitally supported in a thrilling sketch entitled, "A Wife's Devotion." The variety portion of the programme is, as usual, strong. A big item in the evening's entertainment is contributed by Howard and St. Clair in their amusing entertainment, "Tricks of the Trade."

EDWIN BOYDE HAS BEEN WINNING plenty of applause at the Royal for his song "Going to the Derby," and his parody of "The Village Blacksmith"; Miss Clara Wieland is vivacity itself in her song "He's a Soldier"; the three Delevantis contribute a novel and varied turn; Fred Russell and his coster friend are old and welcome friends; and Verno and Voyce, Miss Agnes Delaporte, a sweet-voiced lady, and many other capable turns are included.

AT THE OXFORD CHARLES LAURI is nobly supported by Arthur Conquest and a strong company in the enormously successful sketch "Gelert." Mr. Chance Newton has woven an effective sketch founded on the poem of Llewellyn's dog. Needless to say that Lauri in the part of the collie dog adds yet another success to his long line of animal studies.

I MUST CORDIALLY JOIN IN THE chorus of congratulations which has been bestowed upon the comic opera "The Rose of Persia" at the Savoy Theatre. An interesting story has been set to charming music by Sir Arthur Sullivan. The scenery and dresses are superb, the chorus has been capitally drilled, and the principals sing with genuine point and expression. The humorous element is safe in the hands of that clever comedian Walter Passmore, who, having a part to suit him, never permits laughter to cease while he is on the stage. One of the gems of the performance is a drinking song perfectly rendered by R. Evett. Henry Lytton as the Sultan is admirable, and Miss Louie Pounds, Miss Decima Moore, Miss Rosina Brandram, and other first-rate people materially contribute to the interest of the opera.

MR. DUNDAS SLATER HAS INTROduced a novel turn into the programme at the Alhambra in the shape of the new American game called "Net Ball." The game is extensively played in America, where its novelty has created a sensation and commands large audiences. The inventor, Mr. Hart, has been over here some months selecting a team to give exhibitions in England, which has made such rapid progress that on its behalf Mr. Hart challenged the champion American team to come over and play them. The Alhambra management approached Mr. Hart with a view to having the games decided at their theatre, and, terms being considered satisfactory, the game is being played nightly. The rules of the game are very simple, and can be readily grasped after watching the play for two minutes, thus an exciting and interesting turn is furnished. The game is played by ladies.

DAVE.

THE LAST OF THE RAT-CATCHERS.

Some years ago in Westminster
There lived a rat-catcher's daughter:
It was not exactly in Westminster,
But t'other side of the water.
Vide old song.

THE OTHER DAY we had a most interesting conversation with Jack Hawkins, the oldest rat-catcher in England. Jack was born in Clerkenwell Green as far back as 1832, and he can remember when two houses were swept away from the force of the current of the Fleet Ditch—a sewer which was Jack's happy hunting ground for rats fifty years ago. At the time of the overflow of the Fleet Ditch Jack Hawkins had a relative who had just died in one of the streets off Saffron Hill which ran down to the Ditch. The coffin was placed on trestles in a room on the first floor, and the black and turbid water ran right up to the top of the trestles on which the coffin stood.

The rats in the Fleet Ditch, which forty years ago was an open sewer in the place where the new Farringdon Road now stands, teemed to such an extent with black sewer rats that on one occasion a child fell into the ditch, and before it could be rescued the flesh was picked from its bones as clean as though the body had been operated on by the dissection knife. Opposite the Fleet Ditch in Cow Cross was Frying Pan Alley, and here gamblers, who afterwards became members of Tattersall's (one still alive is a member of one of the largest turf commission firms), used to play a game called pieman (three up), with a looker-out to watch the policeman on the beat. This looker-out was called a crow, and the efforts of the police were not directed to the arrest of the gamblers, but to the "pinning of the crow," *i.e.*, the capture of the looker-out. When this operation was performed the police made a raid, not upon the gamblers, but the money, sometimes amounting to several pounds, which the players of toss-halfpenny in their hurried flight left upon the ground. The gamblers, in their desire to escape the clutches of the police, would run helter-skelter across the Fleet Ditch, heedless of the big, voracious buck-rats jumping about their legs.

Hawkins sold rats for the pits to such famous sporting bungs as Jem Ferriman, who kept the Graham Arms, Macclesfield Street, off the City Road; Jemmy Shaw, who then kept the Wrekin Tavern, Broad Court, Bow Street; Billy Shaw, the Queen's Head, Crown Court, Windmill Street; Joe Rowe at his pub in the Coal Yard, Drury Lane, and several other sporting drums. The terriers kept at these houses destroyed rats with marvellous rapidity, one grip at the base of the skull sufficing. As one fancier remarked it was like cracking nuts. Jemmy Shaw's Jacko, at the Wrekin Tavern, destroyed 25 rats in 1min 28sec, London, August 20, 1861; 60 rats in 2min 43 sec, July 29, 1862; 100 rats in 5min 28sec, May 1, 1862; 200 rats in 14min 37sec, June 10, 1862; and 1,000 rats in less than 1hr 40min, May 1, 1862. Several great personages in mufti used to visit Joe Rowe at his house in the Coal Yard to see the rat killing when that sport was declared illegal. On one occasion Mr. Chance, a Bow Street magistrate of the period, visited Joe's house to see the fun, when strange to say a raid was made on the visitors. The magistrate succeeded in passing out unnoticed; but the next morning Joe was hauled up before his worship, who happened to be the sitting magistrate. After duly admonishing Joe about the heinousness of his offence, Mr. Chance let Joe down with a very light fine, and solemnly bade Rowe turn from the error of his ways.

When the pub. now known as the Sportsman on Great Saffron Hill was the Hog in Armour, or, as it was called by some, the Pig in Misery, rat killing by men with their hands tied behind them (using their teeth) was no uncommon thing. Hawkins used to supply rats to this house for this purpose when a well-known character of the past, one Jack Sheppard, used for a wager to kill so many rats with his teeth, with his hands tied behind.

We were told by Jem Ferryman, a celebrated fancier years ago, that in consequence of the law against rat pits the rats would swarm from the sewers into the houses, and, *apropos* of this, the rats from the Fleet Ditch have swarmed into the Smithfield Meat and Poultry Market. Such a nuisance have the rats become that twopence is paid at the superintendent's office for the tail of every rat caught and disposed of, and it is stated that these payments amount to £30 in a year. Some idea of the way in which the market is infested may be gathered from the fact that fifty-two rats were found under one counting-house floor, and that in one trap in one night thirty-six were captured.

All manner of devices are adopted by the salesmen to save their goods, but seldom with success. For instance, some hares were hung up in the middle of one of the shops by a string fastened to a beam. The rats, however, made their way down the string and had their supper on the best part of the hare. The salesman then made a platform of paper half-way down the string. The rats seemed to realise that it would be unsafe to trust to so slight a flooring, and the hares on that occasion were not touched.

In another case a number of eggs were missed. A watch was set, and the rats were seen to scrape away the straw. Then a rat twisted his tail round an egg, and so lifted it out of the chest, others standing near ready to give any assistance needed. On one occasion, when the eggs were found to be too large to get down the hole, the rats pierced them and sucked out the contents.

As much as £40 has been paid in one year to a professional rat-catcher in the efforts to exterminate the rodents, but at the present time the remunerative task is shared chiefly by the constables and workmen.

Hawkins, who is in his sixty-eighth year, called up the other day to THE MIRROR OF LIFE, looking in spite of his years well and hearty. He has been rat-catching for fifty years, and if appearance is anything to go by, "the last of the rat-catchers" looks like bagging many centuries of rats before Jack Hawkins takes the knock.

EXPRESSIONS OF SYMPATHY FOR THE BOERS LEAD TO A FRACAS.

The Furniture of the Club is Broken and Wrecked.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE discussion of the South African question has not been limited to speeches, but hardly has the speaker made known his intention to be pro-Boer than he is immediately hustled, and sought safety in flight. The audience, after failing to rend their victim limb from limb, have contented themselves with wrecking the place. The proprietor of a German club gave his views of the affair down South, and in reply to such distasteful opinions marble tables were overturned and pictures dragged from the walls and mutilated, while several large pier glasses were wilfully smashed and damage done to a large amount.

A SPANISH MAIDEN SOLD TO A RICH ADMIRER.

Three Bags of Silver are Weighed Against Her for the Bargain.

(Subject of Illustration.)

To be "worth your weight in gold" is a common observation, but in Madrid there is a young girl who was actually worth her weight in silver. Three bags of crowns, each weighing about forty pounds, and with these placed on the scale it took another thirty silver pieces to complete the balance. This was the price paid by an admirer of this pretty girl, who was sold by her parents to become the wife of a very rich but old gentleman of aristocratic family well-known in diplomatic circles, and held in great esteem among the royal household in the capital.

SHOOTS HIS DAUGHTER'S ADMIRER.

A Sad Act that Might Have Ended Fatally.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A MARRIED man, named George Thomas Ruthfern, had recently been paying marked attention to a very pretty girl, the daughter of a farmer. The latter had frequently warned Ruthfern that if he persisted in his behaviour it would lead to his taking the law into his own hands and chastising him. It appears his temper got beyond control, and finding Ruthfern and his daughter in a secluded spot, he drew a pistol and shot the unfortunate man through the shoulder. Although not mortally wounded, it was feared the affair might end disastrously.

CHAMPIONS OF ENGLAND.—IT IS a moot question whether the smallest pugilistic champion was Jem Mace or Daniel Mendoza. As Daniel only stood 5ft 6in, and Mace in his boots stands 5ft 9½in, we should bar the question of weight, and give the palm to little Daniel Mendoza, the Jewish champion. Now whatever doubt there might be as to the weight of the pugilistic champion, there is no doubt as to who is the smallest aquatic champion of England who ever sat in a boat, and that is little "Wag" (Richard) Harding. Harding is once more on the war path, and several patrons of professional rowing are about to give Richard Charles Harding, better known as "Wag," another chance of recovering the title of sculling champion of England, and a challenge is to be issued at once for him to row Towns over the Thames championship course.

NORTHERN COUNTIES CHAMPIONship.—A. H. Hines, of the Salford Harriers, won the 220 Yards Northern Championship at the Nelson C.C. sports on Saturday. E. H. Kenyon, of the same club, was second, and J. Donaldson third. Time, 23 3-5sec.

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BEN JORDAN,

Of England, who met Tommy Hogan, of America, in a Fifteen Rounds Contest at the National Sporting Club on Monday Evening, May 28, 1900.

(With Portrait.)

BEN JORDAN was born April 1, 1873, and is a native of that famous parish of tan pits (Bermondsey), which in the old days of the ring gave us so many bruisers, more recently Tom Causer, and several other boxers. The match which brought Ben Jordan into notice was the one in which he defeated Jem Gould in three rounds. Besides the above Jordan has defeated "Snowball" Munroe, Alf Buckingham, Dave Wallace, Bill Connelly, George Murray, Bert Smith, "Curley" Perrin, Jem Gough three times, Sid Phillips, "Tiny" Bishop, Jem Wellan, Alf Johnson, Tom Cooper, 4rds, "Snipe" Reynolds, "Darkey" Wallace, 6rds, Charley Meacock, 10rds, and won two 8st competitions, Jem Portley, 19rds, and Fred Johnson, 13rds; met Tommy White, of America, and defeated him in 19rds; met Eddie Currey, of America, and defeated him in 17rds; beat George Dixon, the coloured champion, in 25rds; beat Harry Greenfield, 9rds; met Elwood McCloskey at Philadelphia, 6rds, no decision rendered; knocked out in 16rds by Eddie Santry at the Lenox Athletic Club, New York, October 10, 1899 (for the feather-weight championship of the world); met Tommy Hogan, of America, at the N.S.C., May 28, and gained the verdict in the fourth round.

BILL WOOD,

Of Clapton, who Met George Cunningham at the National Sporting Club on Monday Evening, May 28.

(With Portrait.)

WE first saw Wood at the Goodwin Club, where the lad acquitted himself well against a much larger lad, Arthur Ward. The following is Wood's record:—Won Harry Houldsworth's 7st 6lb competition; beat Forster, 2rds; beat Chard, 3rds; beaten by Arthur Ward, 6rds; beat George Johnson, 6rds; beat Arthur Abbot, 8rds; beat George Johnson again, 6rds; beat Dave Gough, 3rds; beat Jem Knowles, 1rd; beat George Cunningham, 8rds; beat Alf Mortimer, 2rds; beat Alf Green, 5rds; beat George Cunningham again, 4rds; beaten by Alf Green, 8rds; beat Bill Corbett at the N.S.C., on Monday, April 26, and defeated Jack Roberts in the final; beat Nat Smith, 4rds; beaten by Jack Roberts 10rds; beat Billy Ryan, 20rds; beat Jack Dixon, 6rds; beaten by Jack Goldswain, 15rds; met George Cunningham at the N.S.C., May 28, and was knocked out in the eighth round.

ALF WRIGHT, OF PLYMOUTH

Who Met Jack Milburn at Gimnett's Circus, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Monday Evening, May 28.

(With Portrait.)

ALF WRIGHT is the 9st odd champion of the West of England. Recently he has beaten Jem Scanlon in 10rds and 13rds; Tom Merry in 10rds; also knocked him out in 2rds; knocked out Sam Kendall in 2rds; beat J. Nolan, 3rds; beat Tom Moore, 12rds; beat "Mosey" Travis, 4rds; beat Dick Tippet, 17rds, old style; beat Tom Rooney, the black, in 10rds; beat Jenkins, of Port Talbot, Wales; beaten by Arthur Callan, with 12lb the worst of the weights, in 13rds; beat Bill Corbett, 4rds; beaten by Dave Wallace, 19rds; beat Mike Sears, 15rds; met Jack Milburn at Newcastle-on-Tyne, May 28, and won in 6rds.

A WIFE SHOT BY A JEALOUS HUSBAND.

The Murderer Makes Good his Escape.

(Subject of Illustration.)

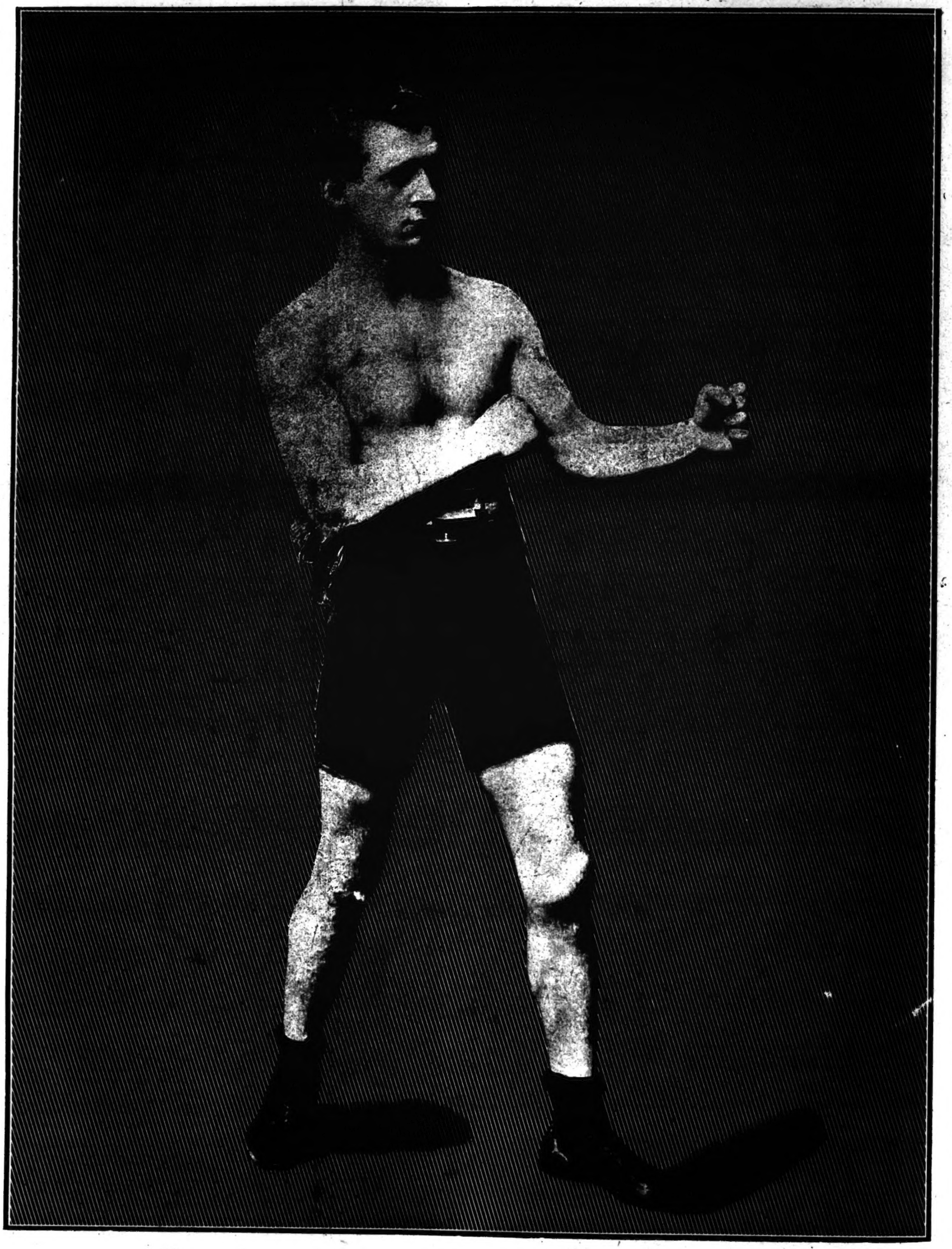
A BRUTAL murder was discovered at Antwerp, said to have been caused by jealousy. From the facts to hand it appears the woman had been in secret correspondence with a man named Emile Carmo, an Italian. Her husband had become aware of the intrigue, returned home with a revolver, with which he shot the woman in bed and smashed her face with the butt end of the weapon until she was unrecognisable. He then left the house and appears to have been in search of Carmo, but failed to find a second victim, made good his escape, and is still at large.

JACK MILBURN,

Of Gateshead, who Met Alf Wright at Gimnett's Circus, Newcastle-on-Tyne, May 28.

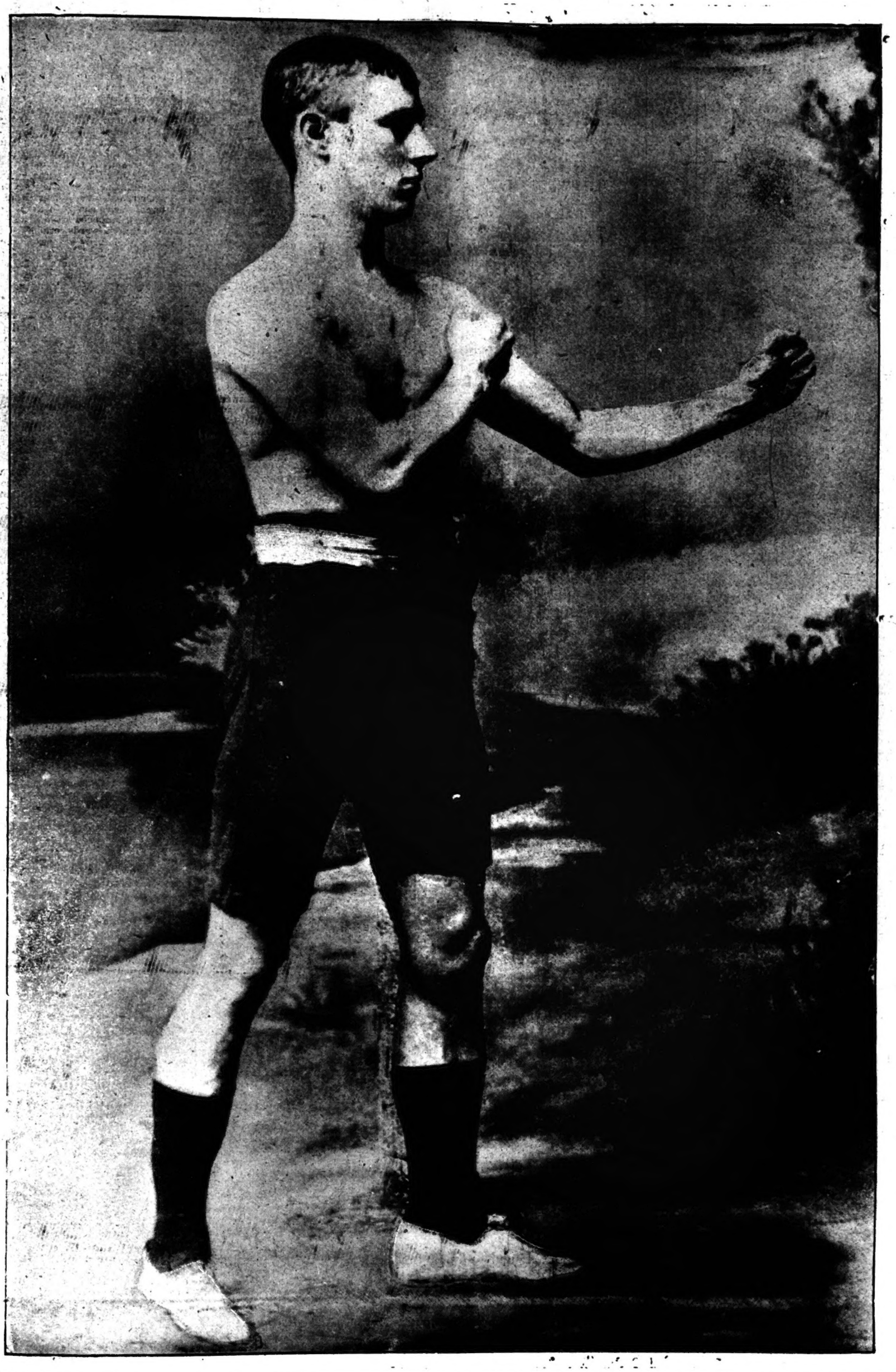
(With Portrait.)

JACK MILBURN commenced boxing five years ago, and has been very successful. He has recorded victories over Jem Callaghan (twice); Billy Kirton, Newcastle, 3rds; draw with Dan M'Dermot, Newcastle; beat Jerry Marshall, of Shields, 2rds; defeated by Tom Murphy, of Newcastle, 12rds; defeated "Wag" Ashley, of London, 1½rds; beat Laycock, of Sheffield, 19rds; beat Jem Brown, 10rds; met Alf Wright, of Plymouth, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, May 28; and lost in 6rds.



TOMMY HOGAN,

Of America, who Met Ben Jordan, of England, in a 15 Rounds Contest at the National Sporting Club, on Monday Evening, May 28, 1900.



BEN JORDAN,

Of England, who Met Tommy Hogan, of America, in a 15 Rounds Contest at the National Sporting Club, on Monday Evening, May 28, 1900.

BOXING AT THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB.

BEN JORDAN BEAT TOMMY HOGAN.

"PEDLAR" PALMER GAINS A DECISION OVER HARRY WARE,

AND GEORGE CUNNINGHAM SCORES A WIN.

THE CLOSING NIGHT AT THE CLUB is always looked forward to with some expectations for something more than is usually seen in the fistic line, and Mr. A. F. Bettinson placed before the members and their friends a good programme which, but for an unlucky incident, could not have been equalled – three contests, one of ten rounds and two of fifteen rounds only; but the men who were set to face the music were bidding for championship honours in their respective classes. Ben Jordan, the best feather-weight in this country, was matched against one of America's well-tried veterans, and eventually the verdict, although a somewhat unsatisfactory ending, remained in the hands of the Londoner. "Pedlar" Palmer, the English bantam champion, found a worthy opponent in Harry Ware, of Mile End. This youngster, quite undaunted by the prowess of his opponent, never let up in his attack, and gave "Pedlar" a tough argument to consider, but the latter was very clever, and somewhat easily evaded Ware's stubborn rushes, and gained the decision on points, Ware receiving a rare ovation at the close for his splendid showing and thorough gameness. Bill Wood, of Clapton, and George Cunningham disputed once again superiority. This time Cunningham turned the tables, and Wood in the eighth round was brought to the boards with a swinging left on the ribs, and was counted out. The officials: Mr. J. H. Douglas, referee; Mr. Eugene Corri, timekeeper; and Mr. A. F. Bettinson, M.C. Details:—

TEN ROUNDS CONTEST.

GEORGE CUNNINGHAM (Shoreditch) BEAT BILL WOOD (Clapton).

Wood seconded by "Dido" Plumb and Jack Goldswain. Cunningham had Pat Condon and Arthur Gutteridge. Wood looked heavier, but Cunningham had the advantage a few inches in height. Leading for the body with his left, Wood, after getting a couple on the dial, ducked. An even round. Up for the second time, a couple of exchanges, and Cunningham was driven to the ropes. After getting away Cunningham landed twice heavily on the body, and Wood missed when trying the right; a bit too impetuous. The third round Wood weaved in, but Cunningham had a useful left and drew the claret. Cunningham rained in a shower of blows, but Wood stuck to his man in game fashion although receiver-general. The fourth stage began with Cunningham landing on the dial, but Wood returned the compliment; both fought hard. Up for the fifth round, Wood twice narrowly missed bringing off the right, but met a steadier from Cunningham. The sixth go, Cunningham cleverer landed several hits which told; he was cautioned for holding, and Wood a bit tired. The seventh round Wood followed his man up and took all that came his way good-naturedly, declining to duck to avoid a blow, and in consequence received two or three raps on the dial. The eighth meeting Wood was first; Cunningham had a useful left, and getting on his opponent's ribs brought Wood down and he was counted out.

THE BANTAM-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.

"PEDLAR" PALMER BEAT HARRY WARE.

"Pedlar" was the first to put in an appearance, being attended by Joe Smith, Bill Baxter, and Bill Chester. Ware a few seconds later ducked under the ropes, being escorted by Charley Stannard, Bill Higgins, and C. Cooper. Both received a round of applause. A few minutes to adjust the mits and Mr. Bettinson introduced the men, and the voice of the timekeeper started them on their journey. Leaving their seats Ware rushed his man, when both fell. Ware still continued to rush, and "Pedlar" slipped down. On rising "Pedlar" placed both hands nicely on Ware's dial. The latter continued to make the pace a warm one, and "Pedlar" slipped down. The second meeting Ware, as usual, rushed in. "Pedlar" landed a couple of useful hits, and Ware forced him through the ropes. Ware cautioned for holding, which he did in its worst form, and roughed it; "Pedlar" best. The third round "Pedlar" showed a lot of cleverness. Ware rushed in, trying for the right, which he got home, but not hard enough for business purposes. The fourth go Ware rushed in, and forced his opponent down in a questionable manner, but "Pedlar" on rising drove the right hard on the ribs, Ware countering on the dial. In the fifth round Ware hit in holds. "Pedlar" held his own well and countered Ware's rushes, the latter going a bit slower. The sixth round the exchanges at close order were a trifle hot, both hard at it on the ribs and dial. Ware continued to rush. Just at the close "Pedlar" sent in three for nothing. Ware looked a trifle flushed as he faced his man in the seventh round, but he still tried to force the pace; only "Pedlar's" cleverness got him out of danger several times, but he countered well on Ware's ribs. The eighth go Ware again cautioned for the last time; both fought hard, "Pedlar" nearly bringing off the right just as time was called. Ware at long range scored with the left in the next go. "Pedlar" went after Ware and the latter retreated, "Pedlar" touching him very smartly in the wind. Up for the tenth time "Pedlar" very coolly waited, and it was give and take. "Pedlar" slipped down, on rising he made Ware retreat. In the eleventh round Ware rushed in, but "Pedlar" ducked. Ware said stand up. "Pedlar" landed on the dial, but Ware retaliated. The twelfth Ware rushed in and they clinched. After a break away, Ware landed on the dial with both hands, and it was good so far for Ware, each in turn nearly came down. Ware made a hot go for it all through. The thirteenth round Ware kept up his rushing tactics, which invariably led to a clinch. Ware was fetched down, but rose and continued the attack. The fourteenth round Ware continued to hit in holds, but at long range he landed on "Pedlar's" dial. The latter went to the ropes. Both slipped down to their knees. Up for the last round, both quick on the feet, and Ware landed the left on the dial. Ware tried hard to effect a knock-out, but failed. Ware was very much cut up, and declined the proffered hand of "Pedlar" when the verdict was announced.

FEATHER-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.

BEN JORDAN (London) BEAT TOMMY HOGAN (America).

Hogan came in enveloped in a large "Baden-Powell," and took the seat furthest from the stage, having Arthur Gutteridge, C. Patrick, and Bill Watson. Jordan, close on his heels, with George Camp, Arthur Cooper, and Dias Patti. Hogan looked taller and bigger. Jordan looked in good trim, trained to the hour. Jordan led. Several clinches, when the pair mixed it. Nothing very eventful happened. The second round Hogan tried the right a clinch. Later Jordan got on the ribs, and Hogan fell on his knees. On rising, after sparring, he narrowly missed when swinging the right. Plenty of steam in Jordan's body blows. Hogan has not a taking style, and Jordan rushed in, but nailed a nasty one on the jaw from Hogan's right, and they both fell. Hogan's round. The fourth meeting Hogan boxed in the fairest manner possible, but Jordan hit in holds. Hogan was forced violently against the ropes, and fell to the ground. He lay for some seconds on his face, and remained down the stipulated time, when he was assisted to his chair, and the referee awarded Jordan the verdict. It was a very doubtful and unsatisfactory finish.

CONTEST AT NEWCASTLE.

AT GINNETT'S CIRCUS LAST MONDAY evening Alf Wright (Plymouth) and Jack Milburn (Gateshead) contested twenty rounds at 8st 10lb for £25 a-side and a purse of £65, given by Mr. Michael Hails, of the Albion Inn, Newcastle. A great amount of interest was taken in the affair locally, and the attendance was a large one, although it hardly reached anticipations. The contest was in some respects a curious one, for Wright went away with a big lead, after which Milburn appeared to be coming up hand over hand. However, when both appeared to be going well Wright got home on his man's jaw, and knocked him out. Neither showed cleverness, although of the two Wright was by far the better general. His left was repeatedly in his opponent's face, Milburn often being short in his leads. The best of order prevailed, and Mr. Hails is to be congratulated upon the successful issue of the contest, although the result was a disappointment to the followers of the local man. Proceedings opened with an exhibition spar of three rounds between Harry McDermott (South Shields) and "Kid" Veitch (Gateshead). In introducing the lads Professor Lowery announced that the "Kid" could find backers to match him against Ernest Brady, of Newcastle, at 7st 6lb, for £25 a-side, open to £50 a-side. McDermott and Veitch gave a merry display, which met with approval. The next pair to take the ring for an exhibition three rounds were the popular Will Curley, of Newcastle, and R. O'Neil, Newcastle. As Professor Lowery intimated, Curley is to run a weekly show at Ginnett's Circus. He should receive plenty of support, as those qualified to judge declare him to be as good a mentor as a principal in the ring. In the chief contest, Wright was seconded by Bill Whatley (London), Jack Thompson (Newcastle), and C. Watts (Newcastle), while T. Murphy, W. Curley, Mark Evans (Newcastle), and Charles Beadling looked after the wants of Milburn. The betting started at evens. The men started quietly, but soon gave evidence that they were determined. The two opening rounds were quiet, and good generalship on the part of either might have ended the contest. Wright left himself open repeatedly, but Milburn failed to take advantage. The third and fourth rounds were remarkably even, both hitting hard. Milburn went down in the third, but was apparently playing a waiting game. Up to the close of the fifth round the men were as even as possible on points. Milburn in the sixth round looked like holding his own, but Wright got his right heavily on the heart, and following up his advantage with his left on the jaw he finished his man. The men were evenly matched, but Milburn was palpably short in his leads, and neither displayed any great amount of science.

DEATH OF FRED PRECIOUS, OF Birmingham.—It is now some five years since we saw Fred Precious, of Birmingham, perform with George Johnson, of Walworth, and we then mentioned in this journal that we thought they illustrated to a nicety the different boxing styles of London and Birmingham. The once famous Birmingham bantam-weight boxer died on Saturday morning at eight o'clock, at his home in the Camp Hill district of Birmingham. For fully twelve months Fred had been ailing, and during the last six months consumption set in, and for the bulk of that period the once clever boxer had been unable to leave his bed. About a month ago Matt Precious, brother to Fred, informed our representative that the case was a hopeless one, and although the patient, aided by a good constitution, rallied several times, it was plain at the commencement of last week that the end was close at hand. Although he never quite attained championship honours, Fred Precious without a doubt was, in his day, one of the very best bantam-weight boxers on this side of the Atlantic. When Billy Plimmer sailed for America in the autumn of 1891, Precious, in the old country, was practically regarded as cock of the walk, and he won a number of important battles. Chiefly through weak hands he gave up the fistic business, and of late years he devoted his attention to horse-racing. His early death is regretted by a large circle of friends.

A NOTED PUBLIC SCHOOL BOXER at the front promoted.—Mr. C. S. Rome, who has just obtained his step in the 11th Hussars, was the senior of his rank in the army, and had had nearly five years' service. He is aide-de-camp to Sir Frederick Carrington. He is a smart young officer, won the sword of honour at Sandhurst, and was in the Tirah campaign. He was formerly captain of the Harrow cricket eleven, and was a noted public school boxer.

"AUSTRALIAN" BILLY EDWARDS DEFEATED BY CHARLEY JOHNSON.

YONKERS, MAY 15.—THE WAVERLY Club put on three bouts here last night. The first was a slashing ten rounds draw between Young Wilson, of Spuyten Duyvil, and Tommy Lyons, of this city, at 124lb. Young Ellery, of Port Slocum, and "Kid" Taral, coloured, of Yonkers, faced each other for ten rounds at 125lb in the second event. Taral proved to be a punching machine, and won in two rounds. "Australian" Billy Edwards and Charley Johnson, of Philadelphia, met in the wind-up for twenty rounds at 147lb. James Lynch was the referee. The men fought a rough battle. Johnson opened Edwards's eye in the sixth, and Edwards evened matters with several solid body punches. Johnson used his right with effect at close range. Edwards went down from a right on the base of the skull, and stayed down. It was a deliberate quit. Johnson got the decision.

HEXHAM HOUSE SALOON, NEWCASTLE.—The popularity of the Hexham House Saloon entertainments, which are weekly promoted by "the Pioneer of Boxing in the North," Mr. James Lowes, was amply evidenced on Saturday evening last, when, despite the fact that there was an important contest being decided in the district, the above-named saloon was crowded. The programme was a recherché one, and that it was enjoyed in the extreme and fully appreciated was shown by the continuous and spontaneous outbursts of enthusiasm. The opening meeting was a three rounds spar between J. Walker and T. Bell, who went at it in most vigorous style for the three rounds they contested. Patsy Haley, of Stockton, and W. McKenna, of Blyth, met next, but the Stocktonian proved too clever for his antagonist. J. McGurk and J. Morris rattled away at it for three rounds, and their exhibition proved exceedingly pleasing to the onlookers. H. Alec, of Santa Cruz, and Bob Hardy, of Newcastle, had a trio of exhilarating rounds, and the wind-up of the first portion of the bill of fare was an exhibition by those clever and well-known boxers, "Dido" Vardy and Jack Jones. When J. Tait and A. Elliott, both of Newcastle, appeared the enthusiasm was great, the match during the week having provoked a very great amount of interest. There was a great amount of speculation, a shade of odds being laid on Elliott. Elliott started well, rushed his opponent, and once nearly got on the right, and, continuing such tactics, had a little the best of the meeting. In the second round both fought well, and contested every inch of the ground. Afterwards Elliott trusted too much to his right hand, but Tait was content to play with his left, and he gained the verdict after the whole of the rounds had been gone. The winner was seconded by "Dido" Vardy and Tim Kelly, and the loser by "Darky" Carpenter and J. Mason. Sam Francis was referee, and Martin Nealis timekeeper. Next Saturday evening will be commenced the 7st 6lb and 8st 10lb novices' competitions, for which many entries have been received. On Whit-Monday Butcher Elliott, of Newcastle, and T. Stephenson, of Gateshead, who box ten rounds.

BOXING AT SHORNCLIFFE CAMP.—On Tuesday, May 22, a special boxing entertainment was promoted by Mr. Tim Harrison in conjunction with Joe Smith. The entertainment was carried out in the ante-room, A Lines, Cheriton Camp, where the Duke of Connaught's Royal East Kent Mounted Yeomanry are camping for their twenty-eight days' drill. The contests proved very exciting and interesting from start to finish, and Corporal Cruikshanks and Tom Ireland made a very spirited exhibition of the noble art of self-defence, and we may yet hear of Corporal Cruikshanks to great advantage. During the evening the officials were: referee, Mr. Tim Harrison; timekeeper, Captain Ingram; seconds, Joe Smith and Tom Ireland, the whole under the entire able management of Quarter-master C. Laslett. We noticed amongst the officers present of the Duke of Connaught's Royal East Kent Mounted Yeomanry Lord Guilford, Marquis of Camden, Captain Monins, Captain Davidson, Surgeon-Captain Thornton, Lieutenant Style, and several brother officers of the Queen's Own West Kent Yeomanry. The first to enter the ring were Albert Hollings, of London, and W. Cooper, also of London, for a ten rounds contest. This contest proved very exciting from start to finish, the lads being loudly applauded on taking their seats after each round. The lads went the full limit of ten rounds, and Referee Harrison gave a just and popular verdict in declaring Hollings the winner after a lapse of a few minutes. Jack Lewis, coloured lad of America, and Ted Goodson entered the ring for a ten rounds contest, which lasted the full distance, both going for all they were worth, at the finish Goodson just securing the verdict after a hard bout. The grand wind up was between Tom Ireland (London) and Corporal Cruikshanks, who gave a very clever display of three rounds.

"KID" McCOY KNOCKS OUT DAN CREEDON.

(Special Report.)

NEW YORK, MAY 19.—Dan Creedon, the veteran Australian middleweight, was a punching-bag for "Kid" McCoy at the Broadway A.C. last night, Creedon's seconds throwing up the sponge when the sixth round had been under weigh thirty-four seconds. In December, 1898, Creedon was severely punished by McCoy in fifteen rounds at Long Island City, yet last night's match drew a crowd that filled the clubhouse so completely that standing room was at a premium. Creedon landed a few hard blows on the elusive McCoy, but they did no harm in comparison to the jabs and jolts which the "Kid" showered upon the aged Australian after the first round. McCoy was so much faster and more skilful in every way that it seemed a shame to ask Creedon to put up his hands. Still there was a loser's end to the purse money, and the Australian received his medicine with seeming cheerfulness in spite of the blood that poured from his eyes, nose, and mouth when his seconds went to the rescue. The match was made at 158 pounds, which shows that McCoy can get inside of the middle-weight limit. He was well trained and showed his usual cleverness, though there never was a moment when Creedon made him extend himself. McCoy further convinced the critics that he would make an interesting opponent for Jem Corbett. Creedon's only chance was at close quarters, but whenever he got there and tried mixing he was out-punched and severely shaken up. For the size of the crowd a better match should have been provided. There are several pugilists better than Creedon who would have jumped at a chance to tackle McCoy. But the latter cannot very well be blamed for taking an easy game when it is in sight. Tommy Feltz, of Brooklyn, Terry McGovern's apt pupil, stopped Harry Bresnik, a local pugilist, in the second round of a twelve rounds preliminary at 112lb. The building was packed when this bout ended. Just then Jem Corbett came in, and as the crowd caught sight of him there was a great outburst of enthusiasm. Corbett sat down in a box, but there was such a persistent cry for him to get into the ring that he yielded. When quiet had been restored, the former champion said:—"Gentlemen, I want to thank you for this kind reception this evening. All that I can say is that I am pleased to know that I made a showing the other night that met with your approval. My hands are a little knocked out just now, but in a few months I hope to meet Mr. Jeffries again, and I hope to do better." "You won't do a thing to him, either!" yelled a man with a big voice. The crowd broke out once more, and kept on yelling until Corbett had returned to his seat. There was quite a delay after that before McCoy and Creedon were ready. The betting showed almost prohibitive odds in McCoy's favour. There was little speculation as to the number of rounds that the Australian might be able to stay. Creedon got into his chair at 9.20 o'clock. His seconds were Dal Hawkins, Joe Cain, and Benny Murphy. He wore heavy bandages on both hands. McCoy arrived at the clubhouse at this time, and was notified by the management to hurry up. The "Kid's" handlers were Homer Selby, Billy Muldoon, Jemmy De Forest, and Joe Falvey. The conditions were twenty-five rounds at 158lb. Charles White was referee. When they stripped Creedon looked rugged and well-conditioned, while McCoy was as fit as a fiddle. McCoy began with easy feints and graceful movements with his feet. Creedon's leads were short until he slipped a solid left to the "Kid's" neck. Creedon finally got his left to the body, and swung into a clinch. Creedon sent a hot left to the eye, and McCoy danced away easily on the defensive. McCoy did not land one effective blow in the round, which was Creedon's on work and points. Creedon sparred a moment in the second and then rushed vigorously, both landing hard swings on the head until they got clinched in a corner. McCoy then cut loose with fast feints and left-hand jabs, which came so rapidly that the Australian was completely puzzled. McCoy then let up and laughed, after which he put in short arm body blows and cutting jabs to the face with consummate ease. Creedon's only chance was to mix it up. When they came up for the third McCoy stood away with the idea of drawing Dan on. As the latter was willing, the "Kid" soon shot a right over to the eye and also whipped a left to the face. He then jumped in with rapid-fire blows in the Australian's face until the latter rallied, and with a swing on .... jaw drove the "Kid" off. But McCoy was back in a jiffy, and with a left on the jaw he sent Dan down. When Creedon got to his feet a half-a-dozen swift cutting jabs drew the blood from his nose and mouth. McCoy shifted around easily in the fourth, putting in lefts that cut Creedon's right eye open. Dan rushed with both hands swinging dangerously, but McCoy was not there. Creedon rushed again, and getting the "Kid" cornered, he made the latter clinch to escape the blows that were coming. Then McCoy got into the middle of the ring, and fairly chopped Creedon's face to ribbons with lightning lefts. Creedon was bleeding freely when he took his chair, but he was game. McCoy opened the fifth with a speedy onslaught, reaching the stomach and the face. As the "Kid" came in again Creedon jarred him with a couple of swings on the ear. Creedon rushed gamely, and in a mix he hit the "Kid" hard enough on the head to make him skip around on the defensive. Creedon followed persistently, and landed a left hook on the neck, which made McCoy hustle out of the way for the rest of the round. McCoy began the sixth with a slashing left across the eyes. Then he leaped in like a panther, and with the quickest kind of mashes with both hands he had Creedon worried. Dan, however, rallied, and forced matters, McCoy backing off, and at the same time whipping home the blows with great rapidity. Finally a left-hand jolt landed squarely on the point of Creedon's jaw, which sent him helpless to the floor. When he staggered to his feet his seconds threw up the sponge, and McCoy was declared the winner. The time of the round was thirty-four seconds. McCoy was without a scratch, while Creedon was badly punished.

THE PRINCE REGENT AND THE Bruisers.—The Prince Regent, afterwards George the Fourth, was one of the most famous patrons of pugilism until, in his presence, a man named Earl was killed by Tom Tyne, when he allowed Mrs. Earl and her children a pension for life. The Prince Regent's conduct to his Consort Queen Caroline had been so bad that it was feared a riot would ensue. Illustrating this subject a curious pen and ink sketch by George Cruikshank has just been sold in New York. It contains the portraits of some twenty pugilists, who were attired as Royal pages, and posted at the entrance to Westminster Hall on the occasion of the Coronation of George IV. in 1821. The instructions of the band of bruisers were to deal roughly with any supporter of Queen Caroline who made himself conspicuous in the vicinity. One was the famous Gentleman Jackson, who in early life had defeated Mendoza, the Jew, and who, at the date of the Coronation, kept a boxing school in Bond Street, which was greatly patronised by the nobility. Another was Tom Cribb, the champion of England. One pupil was Lord Byron, who mentions Jackson in "Don Juan," in one of the most slangy verses in that famous but unfinished poem. Each of these bruisers, besides a monetary reward, received a large gold medal about the size of a crown, commemorative of their services. When pugilism was an institution in the country the services of pugilists were often enlisted, the latest case being at Covent Garden, when the public resented the management turning the best part of the pit into stalls and charging big prices. These riots were called the O.P. riots (old price). This riot lasted from September 18 until December 10, 1809.

A PEERAGE WITH A PUGILISTIC Past.—The Barrymore Peerage is to be revived in the Birthday Honour List of this week in favour of Mr. Smith Barry, M.P. It became extinct on December 20, 1823, with the death in Paris of the sixteenth Earl of Barrymore. The sixteenth Earl of Barrymore was a member of the fast set, which had the Prince Regent for captain. Viscount Barrymore was the patron of one of the most formidable pugilists for his size which the ring has ever produced, "Hooper the Tinman." Hooper was ruined by joining in the revels of his patron. The once famous pugilist was found homeless and dying, and when asked his name could only utter the words "Hoop—Hoop—Hoop," and without being able to articulate the other syllable Hooper expired. Viscount Barrymore matched Hooper against "Big Ben" (a name given this pugilist by the ladies), and the "Tinman" prolonged this contest with a champion stones heavier than himself to a draw. The last of the Barrymores, of whom the sixteenth earl was one, were three brothers, who were called by the fast set then prevailing the three gates, "Hellgate," "Cripplegate" (a cripple), and "Newgate." None of these had legitimate issue.

MR. TIM HARRISON'S PRIVATE Boxing Tournament at Shorncliffe.—Joe Smith, the well-known London boxing promoter, and the boxers wish to return their sincere thanks to Mr. Tim Harrison for the great kindness meted out to Joe Smith and the boxers during their brief stay at Folkestone.

BILL MONTAGUE HAVING HAD A long rest would like to box "Sailor" Richardson for £5 a-side for twenty rounds if the N.S.C. or any other club would give a purse.

JACK O'BRIEN VERSUS GEORGE McFADDEN.

(Special Report.)

NEW YORK, MAY 1, 1900.—The bout at the Broadway A.C. last night was one of the fastest and best of the year. George McFadden and Jack O'Brien were the contestants, and after the pair had fought twenty-five rounds, Referee Johnny White called it a draw. While O'Brien did not display alertness to any extent, he proved conclusively that he is a fighter of the first water, and as game a lad as ever entered the ring. McFadden gave him a severe beating, but he never even wavered in the face of the onslaught. Every round was full of action. The men went at each other with one thought in their minds, and that was to deliver a knock-out. O'Brien was the aggressor throughout, his principal aim to weaken McFadden with body punches. The latter did the cleaner work, and in this way managed to bring things to an even basis at the finish.

McFadden's handlers were Billy Roache, Harry Tuthill, Tommy Shortell, and Archie Marven. O'Brien was taken care of by Tom O'Rourke, Paddy Moran, and Frank Patterson. While the men were getting ready the sports went around the ring with large wads of money. The O'Brien admirers were in the majority, and offered 100 dols to 70 dols on the result, and even money on a knock-out. McFadden had a lot of friends who displayed an eager desire to back him, and the odds soon arose 100 to 80. About four thousand persons were present when the combat began. The two men stripped in great form. The weight was 133 pounds at three o'clock in the afternoon. Marquis of Queensberry rules prevailed.

O'Brien made the first lead, but it fell short. When they closed in McFadden punched O'Brien lightly on the ribs with the right. O'Brien came back with a left hook on the neck. He tried to jab with the left, but McFadden jumped away. Both ducked under heavy swings, and after that were very cautious. McFadden tried for an opening in the second round, but failed to lure O'Brien on. Jack, however, got to his man's wind with the right. He fought the same hand for the jaw, but very lightly. McFadden got a good right under the heart, but in trying to get out of the way McFadden ran into a stiff uppercut which jarred him.

O'Brien was in evidence with the left in the third. McFadden reached O'Brien's wind twice, but received a hard counter from the right which stunned him. There was a rapid exchange toward the end of the round, in which both received vicious knocks. McFadden seemed to fathom O'Brien's left in the fourth round, for after Jack had led twice with it he retaliated with heavy swings. McFadden caught O'Brien smartly on the mouth with the left, and the blood appeared. This seemed to unnerve Jack, for he allowed himself to be unguarded. When he took his chair his face was cut up.

O'Brien kept at McFadden in the fifth, but he could not nail his man. The latter dislodged one of O'Brien's gold teeth, and O'Brien heedlessly picked it up and threw it from the ring. Here the first real mix up occurred, and they fought with a vim, O'Brien had a shade the better of it at the finish. He was the aggressor in the sixth. They were clinched at every opportunity, but were anxious to get apart, and in this way resorted to wrestling. O'Brien could not reach McFadden cleanly, owing to the latter's defence.

McFadden stumbled in making a lead in the seventh and O'Brien good naturedly picked him up. O'Brien was intent on forcing things, but he could not find his man. McFadden, though, laced a hard right under the heart which staggered Jack for a while. O'Brien was more successful at his next attempts, for he punched McFadden's body wickedly. McFadden almost dropped Jack with a heavy swing in the eighth. The punch took the grit out of O'Brien and he embraced for dear life. When they got to the centre of the ring again they went at it like two savages. O'Brien was rattled and almost wrung McFadden's neck in his efforts to get at him.

McFadden shook O'Brien up in the ninth with body smashes and swings. O'Brien lashed both hands and dazed Mac with jolts on the jaw. O'Brien was almost floored with a heavy right, but he immediately came back and hammered McFadden so hard that the gong was a welcome boon to George. McFadden was on the defensive in the tenth for a while. Afterward with well-aimed swings he forced O'Brien to beat a hasty retreat. Both were tired at the bell. O'Brien utilised all his skill to catch McFadden in the eleventh, but failed.

O'Brien was all over McFadden in the twelfth. His blows were of considerable power, and when time was called McFadden entered his corner much fatigued. The fighting was hard in the thirteenth, and McFadden received another stiff walloping in the wind. But he was very gritty, and in the mix-ups showed the better skill. Two straight ones under the heart made Jack wince in the fourteenth. But his recuperative powers were so wonderful that he went at his man with such force that McFadden hugged the ropes, and had all he could do to defend himself.

McFadden was fresh and chipper in the fifteenth, and took a hand at the fighting. McFadden cut O'Brien's left eye and nose until Jack's visage was bathed in gore. This did not rob Jack of any of his strength, for he was at it with bulldog courage until the bell. They fought every inch of the ground in the sixteenth, and thumped each other so wickedly that the crowd marvelled as to how they stood it. McFadden opened the seventeenth with a straight left on the chin, and sent O'Brien toward the ropes. This did not deter the latter, for he exchanged blow for blow with his adversary. McFadden's swings were powerful, and they landed often. Still O'Brien was in no wise disturbed, and was always eager for more. O'Brien received a lot of gruelling in the eighteenth. He did all the fighting, and although McFadden stopped him with the left he invariably returned and pounded George's body severely. Both broke the rules in this round by striking in clinches.

O'Brien's abiding place in the nineteenth was for McFadden's body. He smashed him without stint, and the latter was in a difficult plight. At one stage during this round McFadden was so weak and tottering that every moment his friends expected to see him go down in defeat. The twentieth was in O'Brien's favour, he being the fresher at the finish. There was not a dull moment in the twenty-first. In the twenty-second O'Brien received enough smashes on the jaw, and he had to clinch to save himself. McFadden swung the right, and O'Brien was very groggy at the end of the round.

O'Brien, despite the punishment he received in the previous round, was the aggressor in the twenty-third. Although McFadden laced him in relentless fashion, he could not check his ardour. The more he was hit the better he seemed to enjoy it. O'Brien was like a demon in the twenty-fourth. He rushed McFadden all over the ring and used his elbow once in a while. Although the crowd hissed he kept on fighting, and scarcely ever gave McFadden a breathing spell.

The last round was so stirring that the crowd arose and cheered. Science was thrown to the winds, and they pummelled each other when the occasion presented itself. O'Brien was the aggressor, but McFadden landed the right at short quarters. The punch went home on O'Brien's jaw, but outside of a little shaking up he did not seem to be in danger. They were still fighting at the gong. The verdict was a draw, and the decision seemed to be a popular one.

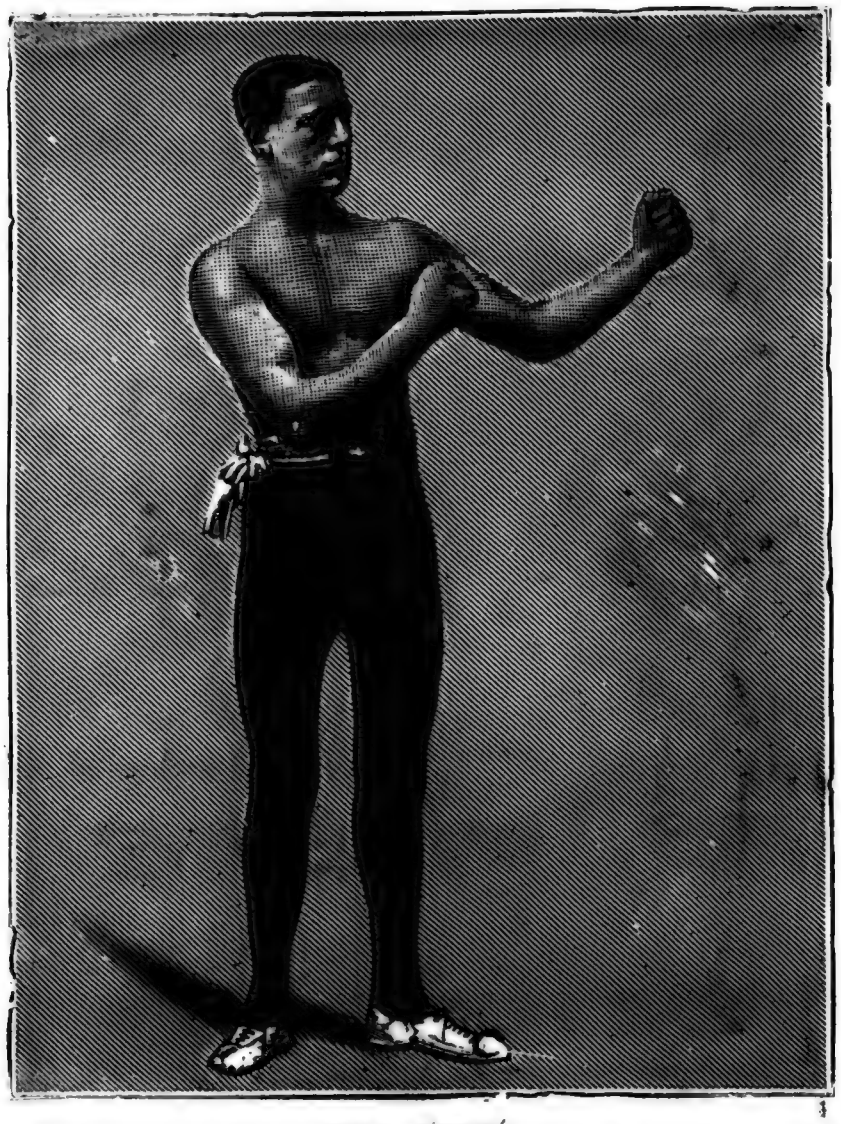
BILLY HEFFERNAN AT THE FRONT. —While Billy Heffernan was in this country he made many friends, and among others Mr. Harry Thwaites, of Covent Garden. Recently Billy wrote to Mr. Thwaites, and, with the idea of killing two birds with one stone, or, rather, communicating with two friends in one letter, Billy in his epistle asked Mr. Thwaites to call upon us, and, by means of THE MIRROR OF LIFE, ventilate the fact that Billy Heffernan is not fighting, as a daily sport stated, with, but against the Boers, and is just about tired of the war. Billy has about ten bob a day as Farrier-Major in the Colonial Scouts, but it would cost him all this were he to indulge in luxuries; so, in order to save his pay, Billy has to content himself with bully beef and biscuit, and not much of that. Like Fitzsimmons, Billy Heffernan is a farrier by trade, and Billy thinks shoeing horses is better than fighting skunks. So Billy terms the Boers who fight behind rocks, and with whom you cannot get on even terms. Billy says such cowards are the Boers in a fair fight that with the knuckles he would be game for any three of them, one hand tied behind him. Billy thinks it is hard on the loyal Boer that the scoundrel who has committed every crime in the way of shooting dum-dum bullets and bullets steeped in verdigris should be treated rather better than those who have remained faithful, the consequence being seen in these fellows swanking about and saying Roberts, Buller, and Co. are afraid of them. Bill Heffernan sends his kind regards to all whom he has known in England, and hopes to be with them before long. Bill says the war will be over directly the Boers, like the fox, are driven out of cover.

E. SKELTON TO TOM HUMPHRIES. —E. Skelton is open to box T. Humphries for £50 a-side and the 8st 4lb championship of Essex. Failing T. H., any lad in Essex can be accommodated at the above weight. A deposit left in the hands of THE MIRROR OF LIFE Office can be insured upon as a match made to box in four weeks from the date signed.

BOXERS REQUIRING ENGAGE- ments.—Boxers will do well to forward their names, addresses, height, age, weight, and performances to Mr. Joe Smith's private address, Cambridge House, 72, Cambridge Road, Mile End, London.

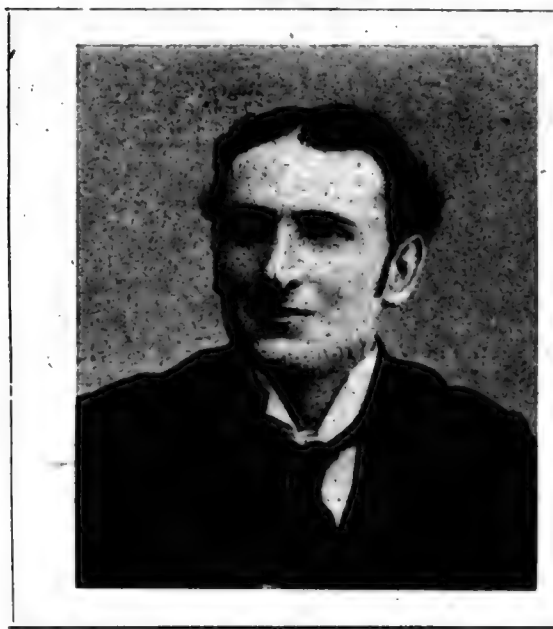
JEMMY LONG, OF LEEDS, WIN OR lose with Clarkson, of Bradford, will box Goulding, of Leeds, any number of rounds for the Leeds Athletic Club purse and a side bet.

(*Continued on page* 14.)



BILL WOOD,
Of Clapton, who Met George Cunningham at the National Sporting Club, on Monday Evening, May 28.

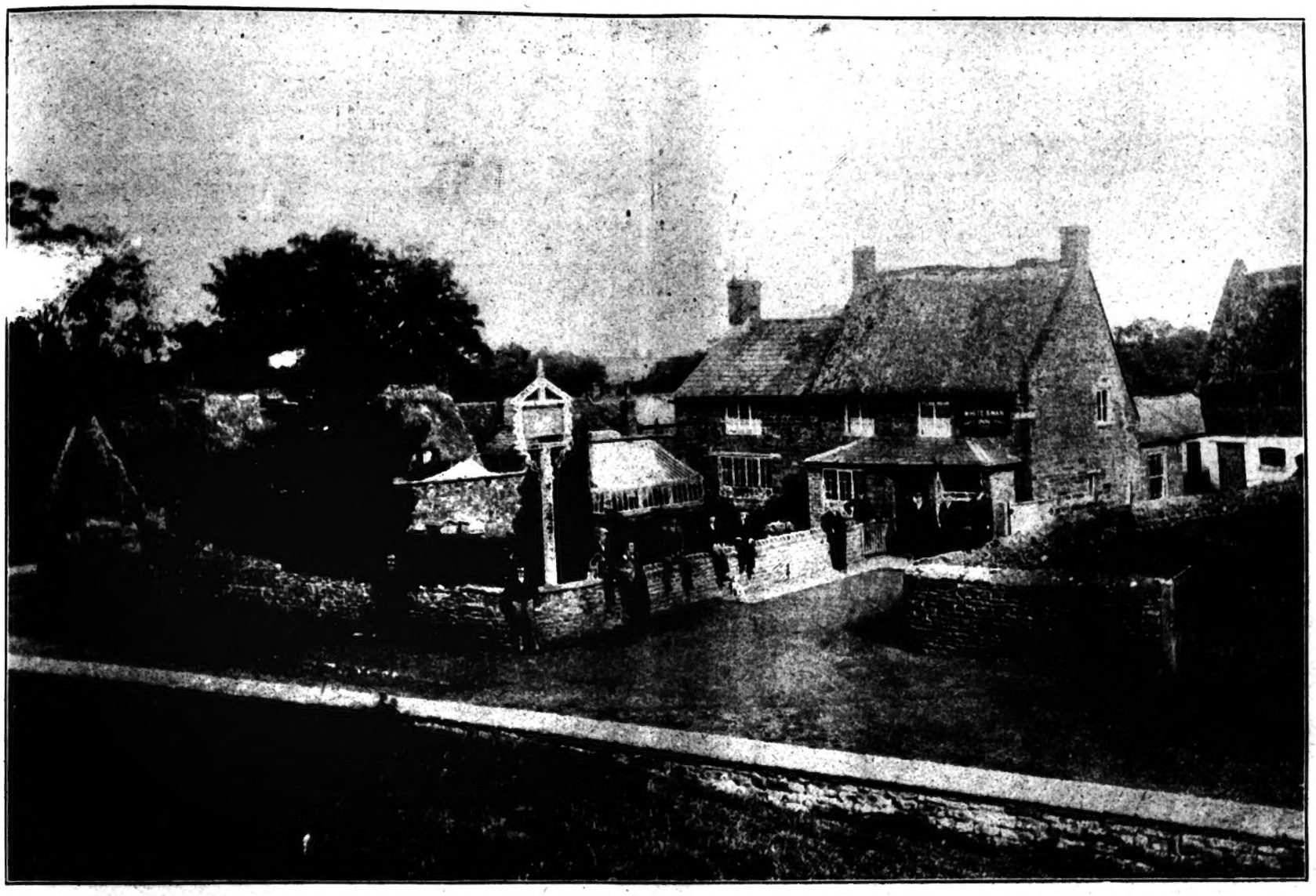
YOUNG GEORGE CUNNINGHAM,
Who Met Bill Wood at the National Sporting Club, Monday Evening, May 28.



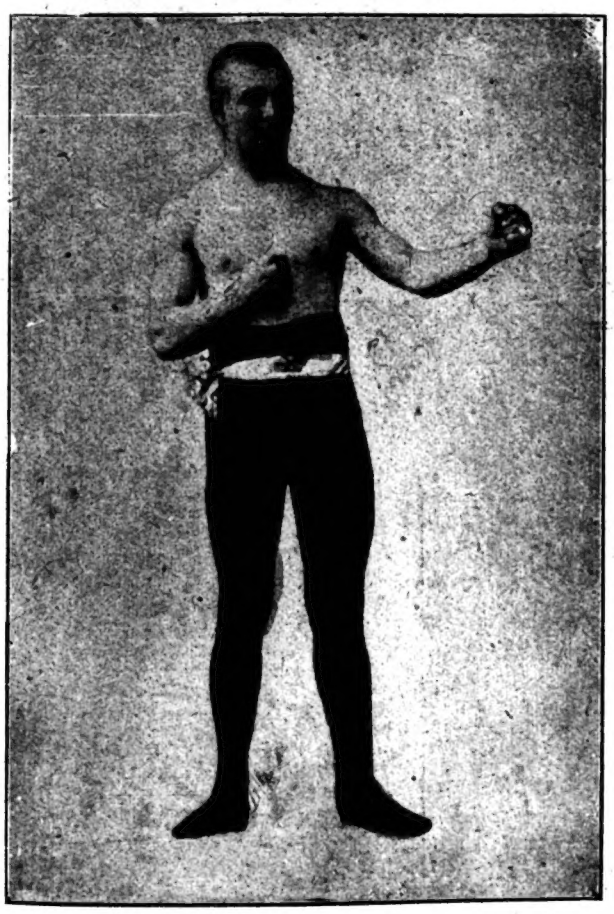
PAT TRAYNOR,
Whose Clever Hibernian Proclivities as a Comedian and Vocalist, Place him in the Front Rank of Public Celebrities.

A WIFE SHOT BY A JEALOUS HUSBAND.
The Murderer Makes Good his Escape.

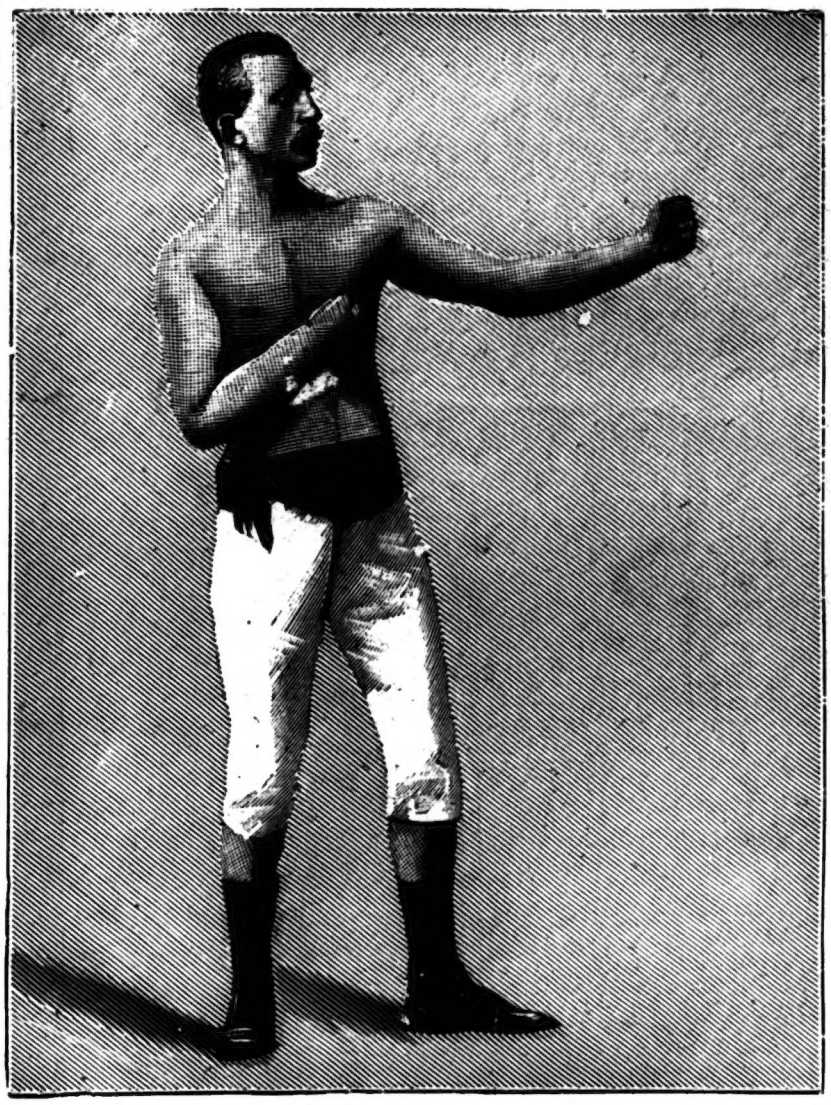
SHOOTS HIS DAUGHTER'S ADMIRER.
A Sad Act that Might have Ended Fatally.



THE WHITE SWAN INN, HOLCOT,
The Well-known Training Quarters of Harry Ware, who Met "Pedlar" Palmer at the National Sporting Club, May 28.



JACK MILBURN,
Of Gateshead, who Met Alf Wright at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle-on-Tyne, May 28.



ALF WRIGHT,
Of Plymouth, who Met Jack Milburn at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Monday Evening, May 28.

(*Continued from Page* 11.)

BOXING AT THE NEW ADELPHI CLUB.

BENEFIT FOR NAZARETH HOUSE.

A PACKED HOUSE REWARDED THE efforts of those who promoted this entertainment recently at the above resort. This charity (Nazareth House) is almost the best in the whole of the universe, and it is satisfaction itself to witness the manner in which all classes respond to its appeals. The outcasts of the world are taken care of, and when of age go forth to fight the battles of the world, quite capable, thanks to the teachings of the good sisters, of getting a living and assisting others. They do their utmost to do what the Government ought to, and though in a different manner, the charity performs to the full extent of its abilities "the Old-Age Pension Scheme." No matter what creed or nationality, all that are incapable are helped by this institution. Homes are also provided for helpless old people, the only credentials being old age and poverty, and no matter what part of the world they belong to, anybody in want can always find assistance at any of the branches. From a small beginning the good work of this institution has expanded till the people who, in some form or another, are assisted to make their lives anything but a burden are without number, and each increasing year adds to the demands on the charity. That sportsmen recognise the good work done was shown by the assembly present, as from all quarters of the metropolis they came to add their bit for the benefit of their fellow beings. Standing room was at a premium, but those who have braved the discomforts and disadvantages of race meetings would have been perfectly satisfied with anything providing it added to the funds. The hall was splendidly decorated by Mr. W. Brunsdon, the well-known theatrical decorator, and on every side the flags of the Anglo-Saxon race hung in profusion. Over the ring there was the flag of Ould Ireland, while close by hung the Royal Standard, American, Welsh, and Scotch flags. The entrance was almost barricaded by huge palms, faced by the Irish, American, and British flags, and at the end of the hall was a banner with the word "Welcome." Exhibition bout between champions formed the staple portion of the entertainment, the following showing their abilities:—Harry Ware and J. Freeman (amateur bantam champion), Chesterfield Goode and W. Dees (middle and heavy-weight champion), Harry Webster and R. Warnes (middle-weight ex-champion), Bill Hatcher and E. Mann, (middle-weight champion), Jacob Hyams and A. Vanderhout (light-weight ex-champion), Ben Jordan and G. Humphries (light-weight champion), "Wag" Ashley and R. Lee (feather-weight champion), Nat Smith and R. K. Gunn (feather-weight ex-champion), and "Sailor" Richardson and W. Worthington (Sydney B.C.). Champions at every weight assisted to make this a bumper for a deserving cause. Six Rounds Contest. (Referee, Mr. Eugene Corri; timekeeper, Mr. Jack Nanson): Sid Scales beat George Cooper.—A grand fight, and at the close Scales gained the decision. Six Rounds Contest: Dave Morbin beat Tom King.—From the time they started they did not slacken the pace till the finish, but the more artistic style of Morbin caused him to score, and he was returned the winner.

JOE SMITH'S LAST SPECIAL THIS season, Saturday, June 2.—Wonderland has been engaged by Joe Smith, the brilliant promoter of all-round sport, for his special and last show of the season. He has staged many grand entertainments this season, but the mammoth programme that is being arranged will positively beat all records. Among others, the following are already engaged: Fifteen Rounds Contest for the 9st 2lb championship of England and £100 a-side between George Cunningham and Bill Chester, the winner to have the 9st 2lb massive gold and silver championship belt and 75 per cent. of the purse. Fifteen Rounds Contest between Jewey Cooke and Ted Ware for a side stake and purse. Fifteen Rounds Special International Contest between Tom Wickwar (Leicester) and Jack Lewis (America). Ten Rounds Contest: Harry Fowler and Mike Casey. Ten rounds between Tom Ireland and an unknown. Two eight rounds contests, and, with time permitting, others will be staged. Owing to the large programme the doors will be opened at 6.30 and boxing will commence at 7 sharp. The prices will be 2s, 3s, 5s, and 10s.

SAM BENTLEY IS PREPARED TO box Martin for as much as he can find. Providing he (Martin) can't find any money S. B. will box him for the gate money, that is, providing the winner takes the lot, and he (S. B.) hopes that will stop his (F.M.'s) public-house talk. S. B. wishes he (F.M.) will give him or T. Lidstone a chance, and not have so much paper talk.

"GOL." KEENAN WOULD LIKE TO meet "Funny" Cook and Jemmy Carney at twelve (noon) at Murgett's Booth, Epsom Course, on the Derby Day.

THE NORTHERN PITMEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP.

BROPHY BEATS RITSON.

AT THE STANDARD THEATRE, Gateshead, on Saturday night, James Brophy, of Swalwell, met Jack Ritson, of Bedlington, in a twenty rounds contest for £25 a-side and the Northern Pitmen's Championship. There was a large attendance, chiefly composed of miners, who manifested much interest in the match. Odds of 7 to 4 were freely laid on Ritson, who for two years had been the recognised Northumberland Pitmen's Champion. Will Curley, the light-weight champion, acted as referee, and M. Nealis was timekeeper. Brophy was fully 2in taller than his rival, and possessed the finer physique. The boxing was more robust than stylish, and Brophy effected great surprise, for in the first round he was nearly successful in knocking out Ritson. The Northumberland representative, however, showed remarkable recuperative powers, and shared honours in the second round, whilst neither could claim any striking advantage in the third or fourth bouts. Brophy, however, had the best of matters in the fifth meeting and in the sixth round Ritson was in such distress that the referee awarded the verdict to Brophy.

BOXING AT WONDERLAND, Saturday.—Last Saturday the weekly entertainment was staged at the above resort by Joe Smith. A splendid programme was put forward, and a fair night's sport rewarded the audience for their time and outlay. It is a pity that boxers do not know what is best for them, but we may tell them that by arranging what to do, and by taking matters easy so that neither is a trier is not adding to the popularity of the sport. Patrons of the sport, though willing to pay to see genuine bouts, will not tolerate contests that are neither more nor less than exhibition bouts. One at least on this occasion came under that heading, but when cautioned and told there would be no money both went on in earnest and made a battle of it till the end. If we act as referee the bout may go the full distance, but if they are not doing the best no decision will be given at the end. Brief details: Official referee, THE MIRROR OF LIFE; timekeeper, Baron Myers, with Ben Harris M.C. Six Rounds Contest: Jem Fitchet beat Bob Harmer.—Fitchet forced the exchanges, and after a good bout Harmer gave in during the second round. Ten Rounds Contest: Jem Robson beat Harry Townsend.—Robson scored well, his opponent shutting his eyes, as he did not want to see the blows coming, and during the third round Townsend went to sleep. Six Rounds Contest: "Ponk" Andrews beat "Darkey" Edwards.—The last-named has not been in the ring for some time, but he made a fight of it for two rounds. In the third round Edwards was sent staggering all over the ring, and the bout was stopped and given to Andrews. Fifteen Rounds Contest: Harry Grant beat "Jumbo" Smith.—Grant was the more scientific of the twain, and, despite his opponent's rushes, kept scoring, and after as grand a fight as anyone could see the award was Grant. Six Rounds Contest: "Nutty" Williams beat Bill Sadler.—Both showed to advantage, science being predominant but in the second round Sadler hurt his hand and retired. Three Rounds Exhibition: Ted Goodson and Jack Lewis, George Baxter and Harry Neumier. Six Rounds Contest: Bert Adams beat Harry Philpot.—An easy bout, no damage being done, and in the second round Philpot gave in.

BOXING AT PLYMOUTH.—A MOST interesting fifteen rounds contest took place on the 25th inst. at St. Martin's Hall, Plymouth, under the direction of Mr. Downey, to a poorly-attended audience, and as Mr. Downey is a good promoter of boxing, and don't mind giving any two lads a £5 or a £10 note to put up a good show, I think he should be more encouraged by the lovers of the noble art in the three towns, and I hope that his next house will be a bumper. The first item of the programme was a four rounds exhibition spar between W. Avery, of H.M.S. Nile, and W. Williams, of H.M.S. Spanker, both lads showing to advantage. The next two were W. Sharp and T. Ripper, both of H.M.S. Vivid. This was also a four rounds exhibition spar. Both these lads at their respective weights ought to do well at hard knocks. Then came the tit-bit of the evening between S. Knowles, R.M.L.I., and J. Dalloway, of H.M.S. Britannia, for a £5 purse, given by Mr. Downey, and £5 of their own money, which proved to be one of the finest fights seen in Plymouth for some years, the fight going the whole journey without a slow moment in any round. But Knowles was well ahead from start to finish, and won on points with a bit to spare. Referee, Mr. F. Harris; timekeeper, Mr. W. Hingston; seconds for Knowles, R. ("Taff") Davies, H. Adams, and M. Virling; seconds for Dalloway, S. Bentley, R. Griffin.

JOE WALCOTT VERSUS JACK BONNER.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 14.—JACK Bonner succeeded in running away from and hugging Joe Walcott for six rounds last Saturday night at Industrial Hall. The fight, which attracted a large crowd, was one of the poorest exhibitions from Bonner's end ever seen here. He seemed afraid of the negro when he entered the ring, although he made a bluff to fight in the opening round. In the second, a swing on the jaw put him down and he took the time limit. He finished the round hugging. In the third, when Walcott reached him after chasing him around the ring, Bonner threw his arms about the negro and even the referee could not get him away. A swing on the jaw in the fourth and again in the fifth put Bonner on his back and knocked his teeth out. Had Walcott a chance to get at him free he would have finished him. The sixth round was another chase and hugging affair. When not sprinting Bonner held on to the negro until the crowd hooted and hissed.

EASTLEIGH v. CROYDON. — PEN-nell gives Lirsch, the Croydon champion, a severe defeat. — Owing to a dispute between these two clubs as to the nature of the fight previously fought between these two antagonists, a refight was arranged, and took place on Monday last before a crowded attendance. Lirsch, who apparently has some dislike towards the Eastleigh candidate, entered the ring with a look of revenge upon his features, but Pennell, upon entering, passed a smile to the audience and shook hands with his antagonist in a cool and determined manner. After the two combatants had conversed slightly the match was set in progress amid excitement. The match was opened very briskly, Pennell making straight away for the knock-out blow, as in his previous contest, putting Lirsch to the ground twice in quick succession, and giving him a thorough doing. The second round had scarcely opened than Pennell got home the knock-out blow amid great excitement. Lirsch looked rather disheartened, it being the fourth time that the Eastleigh candidate has defeated him, and owing to his dispute against the previous contest he has only made matters more serious. He says, however, that he will have his own back. Pennell is well-prepared for anything in this line, and I am afraid Lirsch had better give up his intentions as fruitless, as Pennell is by far his superior. Are Croydon contented now?—if not, have another turn.

CARL HAMMOND, OF 2, DEVONPORT Street, Commercial Road, E., writes: Knowing your fairness in all sporting matters, I beg to claim a small space in your valuable paper *re* Glengall Gymnasium. A lad—by name Ernie Brown, hailing from Stepney—was billed to meet Bill Ringer, of Kennington, in the final of a 7st competition, having beaten Bill Fowler and "Sunny" Wellings (Walworth) in the first and second series. After having all the best of the exchanges from start to finish, the referee and timekeeper, who called "Time!" whenever Ringer was in danger of being put out, declared Ringer the winner, some of the rounds lasting barely two minutes instead of three minutes. When Brown asked for his share as runner-up the promoter told him he did not give two prizes, and refused to give Brown as much as his fare home after having three good fights. I think this should be a fair warning to all lads who think of entering his so-called competitions.

PRO-BOER HIRES A BRUISER.— An East-end pro-Boer, being nervous on the subject of being hustled by neighbours who differ from him, has hired a pugilist to accompany him whenever he takes his walks abroad. Many attempts have been made to bribe the bruiser to swerve from his allegiance, but the knight of fisticuffs always intimates that he means to be staunch in respect of the interest of his employer.

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ADVT.

"MAKE IT THREE!"

The Deal that was Given a Member of Parliament.

A VERY amusing story is told at the expense of a no less prominent dignitary than a member of Parliament, who a few days ago was staying at one of the swell hotels that is freely patronised by the better class of actresses. The statement is made that the venerable but gay administrator of public affairs chose this hostelry as a stopping place for the decidedly insidious purpose of cultivating the acquaintance of a very charming favourite of the footlights who had won his baldheaded admiration during an evening at the theatre. He secured a room on the same floor as the one occupied by his inamorata, and patiently awaited an opportunity to make his advances. On the second day of his vigil the coveted opportunity presented itself. It was about half-past eleven at night, and he was standing in the doorway of his apartments addressing some such statesmanlike rhetoric as this to a call-boy: "Bring me a bird and a small bottle." At that moment the actress just home from the theatre, and hungry, of course passed down the hall in company with a blonde-haired friend, and overheard the remark. "Make it three!" she mischievously exclaimed in a low tone. "Make it three!" echoed the senator, delighted at the prospect thus opened to him, "and take 'em to the ladies' room!" The, young women disappeared giggling, and the old masher retired to the sanctity of his chamber to brush his sparse locks and adjust his cravat in anticipation of a delicious denouement of his amour. The birds and bottles were duly arranged on the table in the actress's apartment, and the following moment a legislative cough was heard without, followed by a confident knock. "Who's there?" said the actress in an impatient voice. There was another cough. "Why, um, it's—er—me, don't you know?" came from without. "I'm to join you, don't you know—there was an order for three, you know." "Oh, go to the devil!" exclaimed the lady, forcibly. "If you make any more racket on my door I'll ring!" There was another cough which betrayed a good deal of emotion, a slight hesitation, and then Parliamentarian footsteps in retreat. Whereupon there was no end of giggling, and when Charley arrived ten minutes later he was invited to a repast that was somehow particularly relishable.

Joe Walcott, the powerful black from the Barbados, is notoriously close, and when he spends money there is wonderment all round. Recently Joe came into Corbett's café with his manager, Thomas O'Rourke, and several sporting men. The party were drinking wine, and Walcott indulged liberally. Coloured folk are not wanted in Corbett's, and few have the temerity to offer to buy a drink at the Cincinnati-made bar. Walcott was wise to this, and remarked mournfully: "I'd jest like to buy all of you gennelmen a quaht ob wine, but, ma word! dey won't let no coloured man buy nothin' in heah. Ah feel right mean not to be able to reciprocity you all's drinks." Just then John R. Considine, who has half interest in the place, came along, and O'Rourke, winking, remarked: "Say, John, break your rule once and let Joe buy. He want's to, and his money's good." "Well, seeing that you ask the favour, Joe can go as far as he likes this time," said Considine. Joe turned ashen at the prospect of buying wine for the party, which now numbered fully a dozen. He tried to edge out. "Ah'm feeling kinder faint I guess that 'ere wine going to mak me sick. I'se got to get fresh air." "No, you don't!" cried the bunch. "It's an honour for you to be allowed to buy for us. Do you want to spend your money with coloured folks?" "Good Gowd! no. I don't get no money offen culld folks. De white folks keeps me." 'You said you wanted to buy—were you four flushing? Be game," said O'Rourke sternly. "Well, Mistah O'Rourke, to done tell de truf, I'se disremember dat I lef' my money at home. I ain't got de price. I fully appreciates the honah you do me." "Don't speak to me again; you are a deuce in a discarded deck," said O'Rourke. Someone bought, and Walcott laughed. He was not offered a drink, and no one spoke to him. Then he weakened. "I'se a poor man, but I'll just buy de wine for the crowd. It's a goin' to break me, but you're all my frien's." It took four quarts to satisfy the thirsts of the crowd, and as Joe handed over the bills the tear drops glistened on the top one like dewdrops on the sward. Joe won't make any more bluffs.

JACK HARE IS OPEN TO BOX Bob Bayley at 8st for the purse by Tot Landreth, the best of twenty rounds. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will be immediately attended to.

STOKER J. DORNEY, OF H.M.S. Royal Adelaide, hearing that Tom Eyles, of Fulham (late of Poplar), challenges any second-class lad in England at 6st 6lb, J. D. will box him the best of ten rounds if any boxing promoter would give a purse worth training for. Business only meant. This challenge is also open to Jem Bannister, of Hackney.

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One to three bottles will cure all humours in the eyes.
Three to five bottles will cure salt-rheum.
Six bottles will cure the worst cases of dropsy.
Three to six bottles will cure dyspepsia in its worst state.
Five to seven bottles will cure that dreadful disease, scrofula.
Three to four bottles will cleanse your system of boils.
Three to four bottles have cured the worst cases of erysipelas.
One bottle will cure nursing sore mouth.
Three to six bottles will literally dig up and drive from your blood all hidden humour.
One to three bottles will regulate the bowels.
One bottle will remove webs and dots before the eyes, and cure dizziness, &c.
Three or four bottles will cure the worst cases of piles.
Ten to twelve bottles will cure the very worst cases of scaly eruptions known.
One bottle will cure wakefulness and lack of energy.
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One bottle will give you a hearty appetite and increased digestion.
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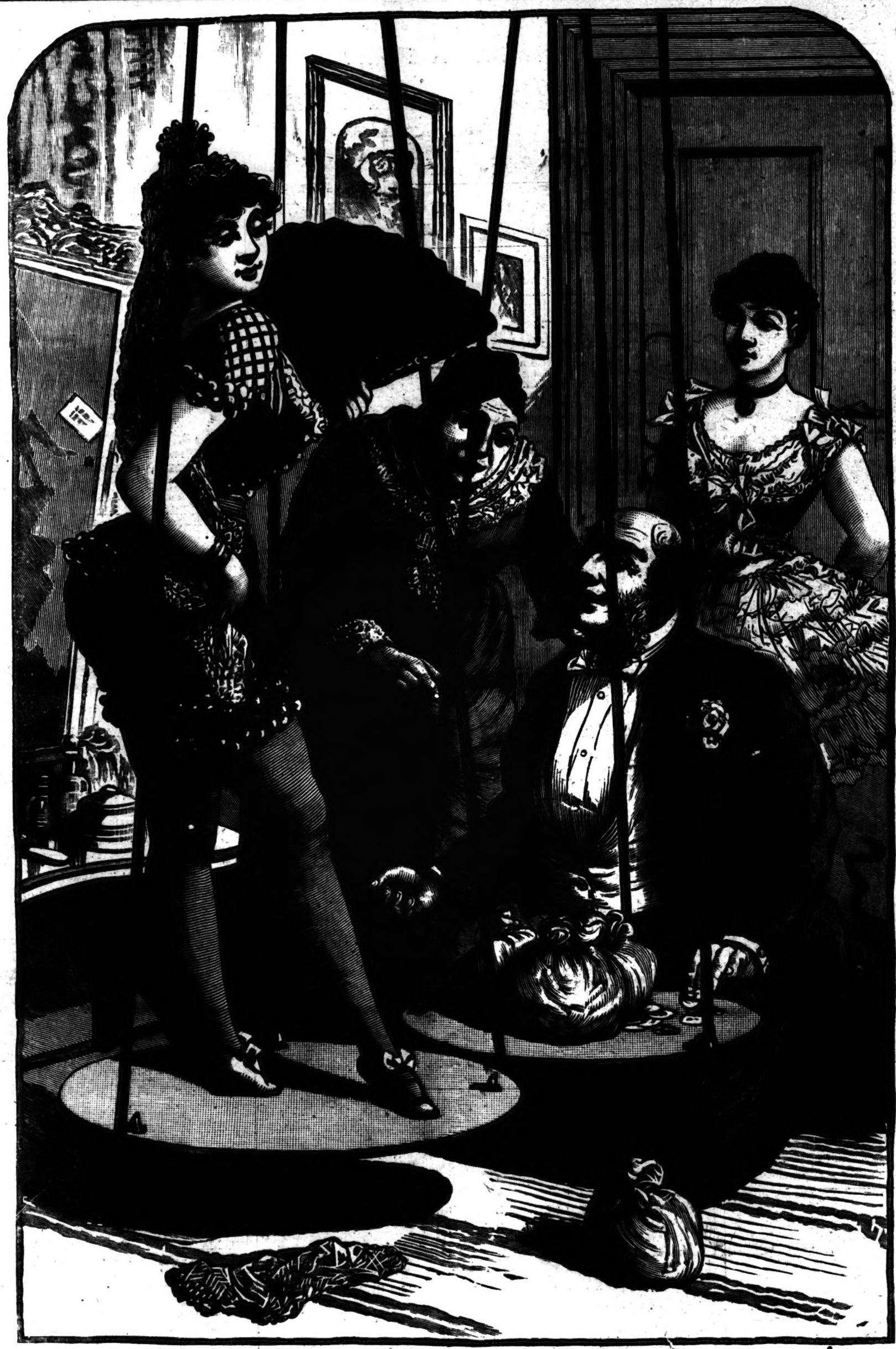

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